

# THE SCOURGE.

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AUGUST 1, 1814.

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## THE POLITICAL REVIEW.

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THE continuance of war, and the consequent diversion of the public mind to the conflicts of armies and the revolutions of foreign policy, have a powerful tendency to cherish and invigorate all the vices of a court, to promote the insidious influence of corruption, to encourage the progress of despotism, and to render the people indifferent to objects of vital importance to the interest of the country, when compared with those splendid objects that captivate the imagination and confound the judgment. There are few observers who could dwell with pleasure on the statement of financial details while the fate of Napoleon was about to be decided on the plains of Leipsic; the domestic machinations against the peace and honour of an illustrious female, were for a while neglected amidst the tumult of our national rejoicings for the successful resistance of our Russian allies; and even the cruelties and indignities to which an illustrious personage was subjected by the unkindness of her natural protector, was too generally forgotten in the enthusiasm of the national welcome to our exalted visitors.

It is one of the most important and immediate blessings of peace, that it leaves the great body of the people leisure and opportunity to recur to the examination of wrongs unredressed, and encroachments unresisted; that it enables us to scrutinize with undistracted vision, and with a steadiness proportioned to the importance of the

object, the real bearings of our political situation as compared with the measures of our governors and representatives; that it empowers us to watch with undivided jealousy over the actions and speeches of those whom our suffrage has called to the highest offices of the state or on whom our ancestors conferred the regal power; and to resist with persevering opposition the illegal pretensions and assumptions of prerogative.

Now that Napoleon has been exiled to his favorite island, that Lewis the 18th has been called to the throne of France, and that a peace, which promises to be as permanent as it is glorious, has crowned the perseverance of Britain, and terminated the miseries of Europe, it becomes our duty to withdraw our eyes from the distant prospect, so lately animated by every variety of interesting spectacle, and to look with scrutinizing and determined aspect, on those less imposing but not less important scenes, which are continually and sometimes silently transacting within the reach of our immediate observation. Among the first of these in importance is the flight of the Princess of Wales, and the circumstances which occasioned it: circumstances which the ministerial journals have falsified or perverted, and which the opposition papers have not had the courage distinctly to record. It is now too generally known however to be any longer the subject of dispute, that the Princess Charlotte, after receiving from the Prince of Orange a full acquiescence in the propriety of her stipulation of constant residence in England, was informed to her great surprise that the demand of her continued or occasional residence in Holland did not originate with him, but in another quarter. This intimation excited suspicions in the bosom of the Princess, which she had not before been led to entertain, and impressed her with an aversion, *under the present circumstances*, to any matrimonial union. The cabinet of Carlton House attributed this change in the determination of the Princess to the persuasion of her mother; and as they were not permitted to enjoy the

privileges of personal intercourse, naturally concluded that they must interchange their sentiments through the medium of epistolary correspondence. A scrutiny was therefore begun, and it appearing that several notes of compliment, and affectionate enquiry, had been interchanged between Warwick and Connaught Houses, the anxious and tender-hearted parent took the alarm, and his Royal Highness, attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, proceeded to the drawing-room of the Princess, where without any previous intimation, her Royal Highness was informed that all her establishment was dismissed, and that she must immediately depart to Carlton House, where she would be consigned to the superintendence of certain ladies appointed for the purpose. This intimation was delivered in so public a manner, and so loud a tone, as to be perfectly audible to the majority of the attendants, who must have been agreeably surprised to hear of their own dismissal at a moment's notice, and without the imputation of any crime, but that of delivering and receiving letters from Connaught House. The ministerial prints assert that the intelligence was communicated to the Princess without severity; but in their report of her return to Carlton House, they unwarily admit that it was in consequence of a promise that she would be well treated, and that no coercion should be employed. But if the venerable primate, and the Regent expressed themselves in no terms of severity, in what originated the fears of the Princess, and where was the necessity of such an assurance? Since her return to Carlton House, the *Courier* asserts that she has been treated with kindness and indulgence, that she sheds tears of affection and gratitude, and that all at Carlton House is love, tenderness, and tranquillity: Mr. Alderman Wood, on the contrary, positively affirms that so far from being tranquil, satisfied, or grateful, she has three times since her seclusion, attempted to escape! Which shall we believe; the anonymous agent of Carlton House, the acknowledged hireling of power, who



asserts and reasons at the dictation of his master, or a respectable merchant and magistrate, who personally comes forward to make a weighty assertion, and voluntarily encounters the odium and disgrace that would be attached by his enemies to the possible falsehood of his statement?

The whole proceeding is peculiarly instructive to the English people, as it demonstrates the inveteracy and unchangeable consistency of the Prince's sentiments. It is not a feeling of sexual dislike; that sensation which frequently interrupts the connubial felicity of man and wife, even when they willingly pay homage to each other's virtues, and associate with pleasure as friends and companions, which pervades his mind, and directs his conduct; but a deep, unchangeable, and vindictive spirit, of what we shall not name: a determination to prevent the most casual intercourse that might communicate delight to the bosom of a mother; and a willingness to preclude every description of intercourse, not because it could possibly be injurious to the child, but because it would certainly be gratifying and consoling to the parent. The friends of the Prince Regent will not surely sacrifice the interests of truth, of justice, and of decency, by asserting or insinuating that the Princess by association with her mother, was likely to imbibe any sentiments, or to contract any habits inconsistent with her honour as a member of the royal family, or her virtue as a woman: yet if this supposition be disclaimed, what other cause of the injunction can be conceived than the determination to destroy the happiness of one of the parties, whatever might be the result of that determination to the other?

It is a singular circumstance, indeed, and one which requires no comment, that notwithstanding the education of the Princess Charlotte has been conducted under the immediate auspices of the Prince Regent; notwithstanding the individuals who have surrounded her during her progress from infancy to maturity, have been the



advisers and companions of her father ; and notwithstanding her acquaintance with all the calumnies and misrepresentations that have been suborned and circulated by every means, and through every agent against the virtue and honor of her mother, she still prefers the society of the Princess of Wales, in seclusion and obscurity, to the protection of her father, surrounded by every pleasurable seduction of exhaustless wealth, and apparently illimitable power. She deserts the connoisseur in cock-boats, and the friend of fire-works, to participate in the distresses, and listen to the precepts of an injured female, to whom her affection is not less ardent than her duty is obvious : and would rather be accused of indiscretion alone, than at once incur the reproach of that weakness ; of insensibility to the feelings of a daughter ; and of participation in what her good sense, and her religious and moral principles teach her to be a violation of all the ties of duty, justice, and humanity.

Were the Prince of Wales himself a model of virtuous conduct, decorous manners, and discreet conversation ; had he displayed at any period of his life a sensitive abhorrence of vicious habits, and of licentious aberration from the restraints that are usually regarded as necessary to the existence and the happiness of civilized society ; and had his example and his declarations on topics of this nature been such as to discountenance the vices and indiscretions of his father's subjects ; had he justified the unforgiving severity towards the frailties of others by a rigid scrutiny into his own conduct ; and displayed on every other occasion, a sensitive abhorrence of whatever might tend to the corruption of the female mind ; the puritanical severity of his restrictions on the conduct of his family, and the outrageous extravagance of his resentment for the errors of his wife, even supposing the aspersions on her character to be justified, might have been forgiven, though they could not be applauded. But who is the individual that thus unremittingly pursues the wife whom he suspects of indiscretion, and exercises

in behalf of his child the privilege of secluding her from the society of her selection, and of appointing her companions? Is this scrupulous censor and avenger of female error, himself a model of conjugal fidelity, of chastened conversation, decorous habits, and respectable deportment? is he himself a singular example of uncorrupted virtue? has he never exhibited the violence of passion, and the frailty of human continence? have all his associations been discreet and virtuous; and are all the orgies of his palace such as may be witnessed by youth, virtue, and artless inexperience? Were this the case the austerity of an anchorite, and allowing his prejudices to be just, the resentment of virtue and affection, insulted and betrayed, might be applauded rather than condemned: but if the contrary be too notorious for denial, where is the modesty or the justice of such an individual persecuting with inveterate perseverance an indelicacy of conduct which his own behaviour does not discountenance; frailties of which he himself has been frequently and notoriously guilty; and an alienation of mind which cannot deprive him of what he was never able to enjoy, the intercourse of mutual and domestic love? As for the danger of meeting improper companions to which the Princess might have been subjected by remaining at Connaught-house, we do not wish to draw comparisons between the respective residences and attendants of the two royal personages, but should certainly confide in the parental affection of the mother as much as in the discretion of the father.

It is not a little singular, that while the ministerial advocates of the Prince Regent assert that the disputes between his Royal Highness and his wife and daughter, are mere private concerns, over which the public can exercise no cognizance, and which public curiosity has no right to invade; the responsible officers of the crown should be consulted on the modes of procedure, and introduced to sanction and enforce the measures that have been lately adopted in the arrangement of the Prince's domestic affairs, and in the adjustment of his domestic

quarrels. If he himself be thus willing to confess that some other interference than that which would be required in the families of common men is proper and necessary; if he employs the great officers of state who are not his private servants, but his public advisers; the mediators between him and his subjects; and the supposed defenders of the public right as much as they are the guardians of the Prince's honour; what is the tenor of the whole proceeding, but to demonstrate that the whole conduct of the Prince Regent to his father, his daughter, and his wife, is amenable to public scrutiny; that he consults the advisers of the crown in his public capacity of regent, and that having thus voluntarily waved his claim to the forbearance that would be due to the domestic frailties of a private individual, he justifies his censors in estimating his conduct by its accordance with the interests of virtue, and the rights and happiness of society?

How necessary to the correction of courtly *error*, and princely extravagance, are the continual vigilance of the press, and the continual watchfulness of public scrutiny, is evident from the enormous and ridiculous expenditure which has been progressively bestowed on the favorite residence of the Prince Regent, and on the absurd and puerile exhibitions in the park. It is probable that had the expensive decorations of Carlton-house, or the absurd and frivolous inventions which now astonish the visitors of the Serpentine, been reprobated at the period of their commencement and invention through the medium of parliament, or of the press, they would have been no sooner conceived than abandoned by their projectors. It appears from the statement of the ministers themselves that during the last two years £137,000 have been expended on alterations at Carlton House; that in addition to the £137,000 expended upon furniture for that superb mansion, £30,000 worth of furniture, intended for the accommodation of the Emperor of Russia, and unexpectedly rendered useless by the unostentatious habits of that illustrious character, has



been transferred at the public expence to the mansion of the regent. It is not to the amount of these examples of extravagance that we object; it is to the indication they present of irregular habits, and utter disregard to the feelings and opinions of the people. How is it possible that the nation at large should submit to the pressure of taxes with indifference, or that neglected old age and infirmity should bear its misfortunes with resignation, when the income of twenty thousand families is squandered on decorations that will probably give place in another year to similar indications of fatuity; and three times the sum that would be required to reward the valour, sooth the cares, and relieve the indigence of those who have fought and bled in the national service, are wasted on the most puerile and wretched attempts at eastern magnificence? Whether the expences incident to these follies be paid directly from the civil list, or ultimately from the treasury, the injury and insult to the nation are equal. If from the annual revenue of the civil list, the prince is able to expend £60,000 in the decoration of his residence, and £40,000 on fire-works, it is evident that he might much more laudably and beneficially spare those sums to better purposes; and that in granting an annuity of £35,000 to the Princess of Wales, we were performing by a great addition to the public burthens, an act which it was in the power of the Prince Regent himself to perform, without the most trivial pecuniary inconvenience.

The arrangements in the parks exhibit, independently of their childish and laborious folly, a singular example of that effrontery which, presuming on its long experience of the public indulgence, carries its defiance of justice and decency to the very extremity of impudence. How would an Englishman of the reign of Anne, or even at the commencement of the reign of George the Third, have been astonished and afflicted had he been told that a period would hereafter arrive when many thousand pounds of the public money should be squandered in open day on shews and Lilliputian Naumachias,

without the possibility of ascertaining, on the part of the public, by whose direction they are undertaken, what individual is responsible for such an expenditure of the public money, or what security has been given, or can be obtained for the justice and accuracy of the expences to which the nation is thus subjected! It is not less singular than true, that in this free and enlightened nation, which is presumed to have so absolute a controul through the medium of its representatives over its own property, £100,000 are actually expending, or are about to be expended, under the direction of *nobody*, with *nobody* to be answerable for the application of the money, and *nobody* to account for the receipts or balance in favor of the public. It is possible, and if it be the case, we have neither the means of detection nor of redress, that the invisible gentleman who conducts the preparations, and scribbles the advertisements for the approaching fair, may be replenishing his own pockets at the expence of the nation, and picking up a greater per centage than inflamed the avarice of Alexander Davison, on the planks, rockets, and artificial rubies, by which the good people of England are to be astonished and delighted. If such proceedings be tolerated in a country of freedom, it would be better to while away the years of a listless life beneath the sway of an acknowledged despotism than to submit to the delusions of a phantom which only flatters to betray, and be continually excited by the momentary feeling of independence only to endure repeated disappointment.

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NEWS FROM LILLIPUT; OR, THE EXPLOITS OF  
ADMIRAL GEORGE.

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SIR,

YOU will no doubt feel some degree of surprize, and I hope of pleasure, in recognizing the hand-writing of one whom fortune has doomed to a long and painful absence

from old England, and whose only consolation in the midst of his various wanderings consists in cherishing the hope of finally returning to quaff his ale and smoke his pipe, in some rural cottage amidst the domestic happiness so peculiar to his native country. But a truce to sentiment; I have arrived by the strangest chance imaginable in a country, which, in common with my contemporaries, I had concluded to be fabulous, and among a people who, by a strange revolution, possess almost every characteristic of genuine Englishmen, except their stature. In short, I am fairly landed among those people so truly and ingeniously described by the renowned and veracious Lemuel Gulliver — the *Lilliputians*. But you must not suppose that the description given by that celebrated voyager of the persons and manners of the inhabitants is perfectly correct as applied to the Lilliputians of the present day. In consequence of his long residence on the island, the books which he left behind him, and the filial imitation of a numerous offspring, English is now as familiar to the natives of Lilliput as their original language: their habits, political institutions, and military and naval establishments are completely regulated on the same principles, and coincide in all their most striking features with those of the English people, except indeed that their men of war are not quite so large, nor their soldiers quite so tall.

The descendants of Gulliver now existing on this island, form a kind of distinct race, who look down with inexpressible contempt on the vulgar multitude who have succeeded to their fathers in the regular progress of nature. They pride themselves to an extent which you would scarcely believe, on their descent from the junction of the man-mountain with one of the ladies of the court, and claim the exclusive privilege of all kinds of profaneness, debauchery, injustice, and extravagance. In their persons indeed they are extremely different from the diminutive beings by whom they are surrounded, and who have been so accurately delineated by the pencil of



Gulliver. They have all the appearance of well-made portly men, who have once been healthy, but are now reduced to beautify and regulate their persons by all the devices of stuffing, painting, bolstering, lacing, and stimulating. Their cheeks are bloated, yet flaccid; their eyes sunk, their legs tottering, their teeth are artificial, and their whole body the joint production of the doctor, the dentist, the advertizer for the cure of deformities, and the manufacturers of artificial hair: for thanks to the visit of the European by whom they were thus metamorphosed, all these trades have been successfully *practiced* and extensively encouraged within the last fifty years. Their chief characteristic, however, is a tremendous pair of whiskers, which they expend two hours every morning in decorating and anointing, and which are supposed to confer upon the countenance an interesting and amiable ferocity. With all this boldness, and apparent majesty of external appearance, it is remarkable that they are infinitely inferior to the vulgar race they professedly despise in all the better qualities of the mind, and have just as large a proportion of their lightness, frivolity, and ignorance. The same fondness for trifles, the same vacant and indiscriminate curiosity, the same desperate and ludicrous attachment to ostentation, which characterized the genuine Lilliputians of 1714, are equally observable in the mongrel generation of the present century. But the ancient Lilliputians were regarded with a feeling of good nature and indulgence: if their infantine pertness and bustling, but insignificant prittle-prattle, were sometimes troublesome and always ludicrous, their folly was pardoned in consideration of their confessed and self-conscious imbecility; but the modern race who inherit their weaknesses of mind beneath an imposing exterior, assume the gravity of philosophers, the majesty of princes, the profundity of statesmen, and the virtue of stoics, while they stand exposed to the public view in all the prominence of adulterers, drivellers, and madmen. They will talk with the utmost

fluency of the honor of princes, public integrity, forbearance, the days of chivalry, indulgence to exalted station, and the courtesies of life, while they are committing the most atrocious acts of public and private meanness; traducing the reputation of innocence; suborning perjury against the objects of injustice, cruelty, and insult; stooping to the lowest arts of fraud and mercenary deception; and exhibiting a singular combination of knavery and imbecility.

All the *great* men of this island, for so they may be distinguished when compared with the ancient and present race of genuine Lilliputians, deal in *little*. Great sins are denominated amongst them *little* peccadilloes: the murder of ten thousand men by sending them on a hopeless expedition affords *little* ground for a public examination; it is a *little* to be regretted that the chief man of the island does not live with, and will not see his wife; the great men are content with snug *little* pensions and sinecures of £20,000 per annum, and are likely to retain them a *little* longer. They have a *little* Anacreon, who celebrates the loves and graces of the court; *little* modesty, *little* understanding, *little* virtue, and *little* decency.

The governor of this island unites in himself all the functions of military and naval power, and though he sometimes surrenders their exercise to his two brothers, yet few appointments are made, few innovations adopted, without the desire or consent of Admiral George, who has himself been remarkable during the whole progress of his life for his partiality to *navel* amusements: and in the prime of manhood encountered so many fire-ships, as must, I am afraid, have prematurely subjected him to the wounds and scars of untimely warfare. During his years of probation, when he was scarcely qualified to stand fire, or to handle a gun, he boarded every vessel that he met, and generally came off victorious in the contest. Alas, poor Admiral, I am afraid that having exhausted the means of successful warfare before he had attained to the requisite maturity of health and strength,

he is now more frequently destitute of courage than of ammunition! But his services in every species of warfare have been many and various; and notwithstanding his exalted rank he has passed through all the gradations of the service. In the hey-day of youth he was the master of a swift-running cutter called the Eclipse, but owing to some unlucky blunder, his pilot C——y *foundered* upon the rock of base deception, and narrowly escaped an unwelcome ducking. From that time his enterprize has been less vigorous, and he with a few exceptions confined himself to the command of tight portly well-seasoned wherries; some of them indeed a little crazy in the bottom, and the worse for wear in the midships; many of them were battered, neglected recorders of the progress of time, and had been long laid up in ordinary as entirely unserviceable, or had been taken in tow by old and debilitated commanders, who could not have been entrusted with the management of prime and new rigged sailors. He seldom, indeed, proceeded to action with these battered fire-ships, his own vessel being rather crazy in the hull from the effects of grape-shot, and of little avail therefore in *protecting* others.

Now however that Admiral George is precluded from indulging in the exploits which so honourably distinguished the animation of his youth, and the vigor of his manhood, he is compelled to be satisfied with the retrospection of pleasures that he can no longer enjoy, and to be gratified with the semblance of a once loved reality. Instead therefore of the thunder of cannon, the flashes of destruction, and all the bustle and grandeur of real engagements, he has employed his Lillipution neighbours, in constructing upon one of the rivulets that run through his park, a kind of Naumachia in miniature; an assemblage of vessels corresponding in all the particulars of number of guns, name, and external form, with those which he has commanded or boarded in the time of his bodily and mental vigor. In watching these sights from morning till night, the poor valetudinarian indulges



himself with all the enthusiasm of a statesman negotiating a treaty, or a warrior in the midst of battle. I here with transmit you a list of the chief vessels included in this display, with the English names as they are painted on the stern, and remain, &c. S.

The pinnacle, *Armsted*, 32—in good condition, though she has been frequently boarded, and hoisting colours in distress, been taken in tow by the Cavendish, the Sussex, and the Lascelles. She was at one time christened by the name of the Bird of Paradise. After remaining some time under the command of Admiral George, she was hauled into dock, and having undergone thorough repairs, converted into a pleasure boat for the use of Fox's Hill.

The vrow, *Mary Robinson*—a beautiful tight little frigate; but not exactly to the taste of the admiral; who is much attached to the portly and the magnificent. After taking her in tow for a few weeks, he sent her adrift, and falling into the vortex of poverty, she was lost on the quicksands of despair.

The *Fitzherbert*, 55—the lawful property of an officer, by whom, being unskilfully manned, she committed herself to the charge of Admiral George, who was still less able to manage her; and had it not been for the aid of one or two additional foremast men, would have been inevitably lost for want of proper *steerage*. This vessel was the long and peculiar favorite of the Admiral, who, as I have before observed, was attached to the portly and magnificent. Her stern was of great breadth, her upper decks broad, polished, and elastic, and all her tackle worthy of a first-rate.

The sloop of war, *Hertford*—The same description that applies to the *Fitzherbert* will apply to this magnificent specimen of art. Admiral George has honoured her with particular marks of admiration, and though he never took the formal command, is particularly attached to visiting and carousing with her *mate*. She is rather damaged by time, her forestays have been injured by fre-

quent use, and her rudder has been long unmanageable ; but she veers well from one point to another, will stand a most formidable broadside, and is admirably made for grappling. It is said that the Admiral's bowsprit has been materially injured by inadvertently boarding her in the night, but of this intelligence I shall be doubtful, till further enquiry shall enable me to ascertain the fact.

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### LORD COCHRANE.

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IN submitting to the public the statement of our correspondent, Mr. Mitford, we have before observed that we were influenced by no disposition to prejudge the question of Lord Cochrane's guilt or innocence, or by any feeling of enmity to his political or private character. His occasional impetuosity in the cause of justice and humanity, was characteristic of his profession, and might well be excused in consideration of the intrepidity, the spirit of independence, and the hatred of oppression, by which it was accompanied. It is not from our naval heroes that we expect the observances of etiquette, deliberation of speech, or suavity of manner ; and considering the opportunities of detecting fraud, and redressing injury, which were exclusively accessible to Lord Cochrane, we could have more willingly forgiven his indiscretion than his silence.

Had we entertained, however, the most inveterate prejudice against the private character of Lord Cochrane, it would have been impossible to witness the late infliction of the law, and all the circumstances attending it, without participating in that general feeling of astonishment and indignation, which pervades every independent rank of society ; which equally animates the highest and the lowest members of the community ;

which has only been counteracted in the House of Commons by praiseworthy but mistaken delicacy, and which has placed the highest personage in the kingdom in a state of indecision between duty and etiquette. On the guilt of Lord Cochrane we shall speak at large before the conclusion of this article; but admitting him to be guilty, it is impossible to review the whole course of the proceedings, the nature of his crime, or his own peculiar claims on the consideration of the British community, and therefore of its judicial servants, without protesting against his sentence in language which we will not, because we dare not pronounce.

The system of speculation upon the Stock Exchange, has been conducted, for many years, under every variety of form, and assisted by all the arts of insidious and fraudulent depredation. Its very existence depends on the fluctuation of reports; and during a period of war, the transactions of every day and every week are materially influenced by rumours of which a few are found to be correct, while the rest are either totally fallacious, or exaggerated for the purpose of the moment. Paragraphs of false intelligence in the newspapers; foreign letters, manufactured in an English counting-house; fictitious consignments, and all the other artifices of mercantile deception, have been repeatedly and avowedly practised with the reciprocal understanding of many members of the Stock Exchange, and with the most perfect impunity. It is too notorious to be disputed that the purchase and sale, the rise and fall of every species of stock to an extent extremely advantageous to one party, and injurious to another, has been repeatedly effected by the circulation of false or distorted intelligence, which confessedly originated among the members of the Stock Exchange, and was afterwards regarded as a fair and fortunate act of deception. The number of letters, paragraphs, and pretended telegraphs quoted and circulated in the course of the day, for the purpose of influencing the price of the stocks, was so great, as to vitiate the daily sources of public intelligence, and so



common as to excite but little surprize or censure from any class, however rigid in principle, or cautious in behaviour, of the British community.

The very idea, therefore, of a stock-jobbing hoax, conveyed a very different impression from that which accompanied any other description of imposition on the mercantile world. It was supposed and understood that in the arena opened to the Bulls and Bears, each individual was justified in taking advantage of any rumour that might be circulated; and it was seldom doubted that a fortunate purchaser or seller, had himself some share in the fluctuation of the prices. Every visitor of the Exchange depended not on the honesty, or disinterestedness of his friends, but on his own wariness and sagacity. To become acquainted with an article of good intelligence, and to buy in, with the expectation of selling as soon as that intelligence should be known; to conceal unfavorable news till your bargains were completed; and to exhibit papers and journals which you knew to be fictitious, though you might not have been actually implicated in the infamy of their fabrication, were acts of duplicity or of management so common as to preclude surprize, and so consistent with the principles of stock-jobbing as to demand no punishment. So little was the criminality of injustice towards others on the Stock Exchange understood or regarded, that men of exalted stations have been *known* to take advantage of their official facilities of intelligence to improve their bargains; and the author of the ingenious forgery by which the funds were so enormously and unexpectedly raised in 1802, was laughingly recommended to appear in his own person, and claim the reward of his discovery.

For the commission of a crime, therefore, on which public opinion was so lax and unsettled; which had never been visited with the penalties of legal vengeance; which bore in the opinion of all classes the character of gambling rather than of fraud; it was utterly inconsistent with every consideration of moral justice that the

first of the alledged delinquents should be treated with any further severity of punishment, than was absolutely necessary to mark the decided opinion of the judges, and to testify in a manner not to be mistaken their reprobation of the crime. It surely will not be asserted by the members of the Stock Exchange and by the advocates of the sentence, that fraud is only to be punished according to the skill with which it is conducted and to its extent; that to steal twenty guineas is always less criminal than to steal a thousand, or that the stock-jobber who obtains one hundred pounds by inserting a fabricated paragraph in a newspaper, is less culpable than he who by a bolder effort obtains a more considerable sum; nor would a plea of that nature, if it could be admitted, in any degree affect the case of Lord Cochrane. It is sufficient in examining the justice of the sentence to be aware, that fraud upon the Stock Exchange was so frequent and so extensive as to lose the name of guilt, and be conducted by men of wealth and eminence in open day without any serious imputation on their characters; that the first victims of insulted law should have obtained all the indulgence that might be demanded by men seduced into a crime by its preceding laxity, and by the unchastised example of the society by which they were surrounded.

But if these feelings of indulgence would have been just, decorous, and generous, to the most practiced master of every artifice employed on the Exchange, how much is the duty of their observance enhanced by a consideration of the character and services of the distinguished individual whose first false step, or whose misfortune, subjected him to the sentence of a judicial tribunal. No evidence was adduced to prove that he ever personally engaged in the squabbles and intrigues of the Exchange; the time which his colleagues occupied in the pursuit of gain and the arrangement of deception, was devoted by him to the pursuit of science, and to the extension of those naval resources which have rendered his country the dread of tyrants, and the admiration of Europe.

He had fought with intrepidity and valour the battles of his country; he had acquired the attachment of the navy by his liberality, his benevolence, and all the qualities of the hero and the warrior; he had obtained from his sovereign the highest honors that are bestowed on worth and bravery, and was preparing to atchieve once more the laurels of skill and valour, when he was called to defend his character against the charge for which he is now sentenced to the infliction of the pillory.

It was attempted by Mr. Gurney to convert the honors and reputation Lord Cochrane had attained, into additional pleas for severity of punishment. It is usually unnecessary to expose the sophisms of a pleader; but it is impossible not to observe that *character* always has been, and *always is* taken into the favorable consideration of a court of justice, as a sufficient and powerful plea for the mitigation of the sentence. The high rank of Lord Cochrane, and his elevation of character, are the very circumstances which, while they do not aggravate his guilt, render the punishment with which he is threatened tenfold more severe. To some of those who have committed with impunity the very crime of which he has been found guilty, imprisonment, disgrace, and perhaps, the pillory, would only be the objects of derision and defiance. The nerves and habits of some men are easily accommodated to the dungeon and the insults of the populace; but the remembrance of former honor, the sympathy of his friends, the habits of his profession, and his own ardent and enthusiastic temperament, must all contribute to render even the entrance of his prison doors a scene of excruciating agony, and exasperate him to spurn the earth on which he stands degraded, accused, and in fetters.

Within the last year it is probable that more than fifty new trials have been granted, and that of these the original sentence has been reversed in more than thirty. Let us suppose, then, that on the second appeal to the laws of his country Lord Cochrane might possibly have been



acquitted: it appears by that law which has been called the *perfection of wisdom*, that he is precluded from substantiating his innocence, because being involved in a conspiracy, he cannot move for a new trial but in conjunction with his companions in the indictment; and two of them have thought proper to abscond. It is the law of England, therefore, that the more guilty are your supposed accomplices, and the more likely they are to have entrapped you unwillingly in the appearance of guilt, the less probably are you enabled to make a second appeal to that judicial tribunal, by whose decision you must stand or fall. It is impossible to conceive any principle more inconsistent with justice, morality, or common sense. The judge observed, that the guilty individual would wait till he learned the issue of the innocent one's application. But why not decide on the application of each person convicted, singly, and in the order of that application, all the parties paying their own costs?

The refusal of the House of Commons to renew the investigation from respect to the verdict of a jury, might have been regarded as consistent with justice and propriety, had the case of Lord Cochrane exhibited on its surface no features of hardship and uncertainty; but who can investigate his statements, the evidence, and the defence, and afterwards declare that there is not room for great and serious doubt? and that many of the circumstances which influenced the decision of the jury, might be plausibly and rationally accounted for in a manner perfectly consistent with his lordship's innocence?

The public has already determined on the improbability that Lord Cochrane, if aware of the artifice, should be contented with the gain of £1200, by the sale of his stock early in the morning, when by waiting a few hours longer he could have obtained four times that sum.

It has been proved that at the time he received the almost illegible manuscript of De Berenger, he expected the arrival of a messenger from his brother, and there-

fore hastened back to Green-street. He is willing to justify the correctness of his affidavit respecting the uniform worn by De Berenger; and on other points of his defence has testified a fearless defiance of scrutiny, resembling the intrepidity of innocence more than the audacity of guilt. The statement of his case, divested of its connection with that of his associates in the indictment, is simply this.—Several unprincipled characters conspire to defraud the Stock-Exchange; and the principal actor in the business proceeds directly on his return from his expedition to the house of Lord Cochrane, where he changes his dress. If Lord Cochrane, therefore, and the public can account for this latter circumstance, he must be declared innocent. Now, he says himself, that Berenger called upon him for the purpose of obtaining a passage in his vessel from England; but finding that his request could not be acceded to, and unwilling to return into the King's Bench, or unable to escape in his uniform, changed his habiliments for those furnished him by Lord Cochrane's humanity. Can any thing be more probable than this statement? Would not the idea of obtaining refuge in Lord Cochrane's ship, where his uniform would be no objection, and in which he would be conveyed from the shores of Britain soon enough to effect a landing on some other shore, immediately occur to the ingenuity of Berenger, and on being disappointed, would he not endeavour to render his disguise as perfect as possible? Those who do discredit a story so simple and so probable, and believe Lord Cochrane to be guilty, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. For our own parts, were even this ground of defence completely disproved, we should hesitate to express our decided conviction of Lord Cochrane's guilt, till we are acquainted with all the intrigues of Cochrane Johnstone, and have been able to determine how far it was likely that he might foresee the possibility of escape *from punishment under the sanction of a popular name, clandestinely abused.*

## THE PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY.

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### LETTER II.

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*From JONATHAN CRUMP, Tallow Chandler and Soap Boiler,  
to his BROTHER.*

So you think, after all, your condition's the best,  
And that life you enjoy with more exquisite zest,  
Because far remov'd from the follies of town,  
Your labours with health, peace, and plenty, you crown.  
Well, each man to his taste. You inhale the fresh breeze,  
Watch the growth of your cabbages, turnips, and peas,  
Arise with the sun, go to bed by the moon,  
Drink your ale, smoke your pipe, and whistle a tune ;  
While I breathe the fogs of this pestilent city,  
Learn to dance, play the fiddle, and sing a new ditty,  
Watch the growth of my ledger, adjust its accounts,  
Well pleas'd with the hundreds to which it amounts ;  
For hundreds make thousands, and thousands a plum ;  
Out of grease to extract, what a delicate sum !  
But a plum to amass far exceeds every hope ;  
As soon should I think of becoming a pope,  
A bishop, a judge, or a minister of state,  
To be either of which is I'm sure not my fate.

No—my wishes are bounded. A few simple things  
Would make me as great as the greatest of kings.  
Sufficient to purchase a snug country box,  
With a few hundreds left to sport in the stocks ;  
A larder well filled, and a cellar well stor'd,  
And some half dozen friends to sit round my board ;  
A gig to drive down on a Saturday night,  
And moreover a wife to complete my delight,  
With children as many as heav'n shall send,  
For what heaven gives it will surely befriend.

Oh ! a word or two now that I mention a wife,  
That plague, blessing, curse, and that joy of one's life ;  
I believe when I wrote you my former epistle,  
I said nothing about Miss EMILY GRISTLE,





THE DUGHTIERIA BY W. J. JONES N° 5 NEWGATE ST.

THE PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY. Letter II. And exclaim'd "See the cock has turn'd round to the west!"



The daughter and heiress of GRISTLE the tailor,  
 And a fortune to him whose good luck 'tis to nail her.  
 A charming young girl, full of beauty and grace,  
 Were it not for a waddling see-saw in her pace,  
 And a *cauliflower wart* that disfigures her face. }  
 Then her air ! Oh, a painter might call it divine,  
 Did her longitude stretch beyond four feet and nine ;  
 While her shape would outvie even that of the graces,  
 If its plumpness were always bestow'd in fair places.  
 To possess her, what amorous youth would not sigh,  
 Inflam'd by the glance of her single black eye !  
 Or eagerly bend, all enraptur'd to sip,  
 The moist dew of love that impearls her sweet lip.  
 That dew which I've heard an impertinent fribble  
 Declare was nought else but her slaver or dribble,  
 Distill'd 'twixt her teeth, neither many nor clean,  
 Like the water that drips from a filt'ring machine ;  
 But I care not what envy or jealousy swears,  
 Bating these, like a goddess, my charmer appears.  
 Nay, had she a thousand such blemishes more,  
 They'd be *trebly* redeem'd, for her fortune is four ;  
 And with four thousand pounds to embellish her hide,  
 I'd take ENDOR's witch or her dam for my bride.  
 For in truth, my dear brother, when money is plenty,  
 Fine girls may be had, and by scores, to content ye.  
 Let a wife bring the cash, and she brings you the means,  
 To forget her (if ugly) in pleasure's gay scenes ;  
 Leaving her to take care of the children at home,  
 While in quest of those pleasures you wantonly roam,  
 But without it, a VENUS would soon cease to please ;  
 The pangs of the purse, all her smiles would not ease ;  
 The knock of a dun would excite such alarms  
 As she could not soothe by the glow of her charms ;  
 Nor with cresses and water could you think yourself blest,  
 Though you eat them while lulled on her beautiful breast.

But you must not, because of this freedom I take,  
 Suppose me transform'd to a dissolute rake ;  
 For should Fortune vouchsafe me the exquisite bliss  
 Of wedding my GRISTLE, I would ne'er keep a miss.  
 What I've said, is the sportive effusion of wit,  
 Which I cannot resist when I am under the fit ;



My practice, thank heav'n, is moral and good,  
 And has always such wicked suggestions withstood.  
 Much sooner I'd fry in the flame of my fires,  
 Than give a loose rein to unlawful desires;  
 Nay, were CUPID, in spite, to exhaust his whole quiver,  
 And scorch, like a cinder, my midriff and liver,  
 A martyr to love I'd remain at my post,  
 And sigh forth her name as I gave up the ghost.

So much for a virtue which libertines jeer,  
 And now for a word or two more of my dear.

Though I've hopes of success with the charming Miss  
 GRISTLE,

Do not think she may therefore be had with a whistle;  
 She's stubborn and proud, she's disdainful and coy,  
 And a lover's distress knows how to enjoy;  
 Can toss up her noddle and fidget her rump  
 When she listens to vows at which others would jump.  
 'Twas but last week as I press'd my soft tale,  
 In such terms as I thought might a virgin assail,  
 Shew'd the white of my eyes, and then fell on my knees,  
 While her fat lilly hand I was just going to seize,  
 That she started—(I thought 'twas to fall on my breast)  
 And exclaim'd, "See the cock has turn'd round to the west!"  
 "The cock in the west," I replied with chagrin,  
 "A cock and the west,—what is it you mean?"  
 With composure she answer'd, while I was on thorns,  
 "A westerly wind always eases my corns."  
 Enraged I got up, in a chair flung me down,  
 Bit my lip, and put on a most terrible frown;  
 But she heeded my anger no more than my love,  
 For she grunted a tune as she pulled on her glove.

Thus you see she can act the coquette when she chooses,  
 And languish and long for the thing she refuses.  
 Like a chit with the linnet that's tied to a string,  
 Who now keeps it close, and now gives it the wing;  
 Still secure while she wantonly holds it in play,  
 That the captive, tho' willing, cannot fly away.

As a secret, tho' BEN, may horns be my curse,  
 But I'd fly away were it not for her purse.

I love her, 'tis true; but the guineas—sweet things—  
 'Tis they form the bird-lime that sticks to my wings.  
 And she too loves me, or I'm greatly mistaken,  
 For the rest of her suitors she has wholly forsaken.  
 There's young BILLY PERKINS, and sawney M'WALTER,  
 JOE HIGGINS the grocer, and HAINES the dry-salter,  
 With CLEAVER, the butcher, who lives in the shambles,  
 And GAMMON, the broker, and GUBBINS, who gambles;  
 Nor must I forget that spruce JESSAMINE beau,  
 TOMMY TAPE, who so tastily trips on his toe,  
 Like a little cock sparrow, or cat in the snow. }  
 All these flutter round her, each hoping to be  
 Blest with those smiles she bestows only on me.  
 But with them she ne'er goes to the play or the park,  
 Nor at forfeits ere hides for a kiss in the dark:  
 While on Sundays, not minding their wishes a souse,  
 She always takes me to the *White Conduit House*,  
 Where I pay for the tea, hot rolls, and fresh butter,  
 Devour'd by ourselves and her cousin, Miss NUTTER  
 And contented I pay, while I hope to be repaid,  
 Which I call making love in the spirit of trade;  
 Having always an eye most attentively bent  
 In what you lay out, to the interest per cent.

Only think, my dear brother, if I should succeed,  
 How many more thousands four thousand would breed  
 What a charming nest-egg! and how few now-a-day  
 Are the wives to be found, who such nest-eggs can lay.  
 'Tis lucky her father approves of my suit,  
 (For really old GRISTLE's a horrible brute!)  
 But he thinks me a diligent, sober young man,  
 And anxious to make all the money I can;  
 Which indeed is the truth, or else, on my life,  
 I should never much think of Miss EM. for a wife.

But its time to conclude, dear brother adieu;  
 Remember me kindly to BRIDGET and PRUE,  
 When you send up to town, don't forget, if you please,  
 The bacon you promis'd along with the cheese.  
 I hope, in my next, if I'm not left in the lurch,  
 To tell you I've led dear Miss GRISTLE to church.  
 And to bring me good luck, pray bid mother SKEGGS,  
 Either find an old horse-shoe, or sit with cross'd legs.

P. S.

Permit me by way of postscript to send,  
 Some stanzas I lately to EMILY penn'd ;  
 The thought in my head just happen'd to pop  
 One evening last week after shutting up shop.  
 I sent them next day, and was delighted to find,  
 When I called there myself that my love was more kind.  
 So they had their effect : but no wonder (between us,)  
 For who can resist both APOLLO and VENUS ?

## STANZAS.

Why, oh Rosa, tell me why,  
 You my plaintive suit deny ?  
 Why, oh Rosa, pretty creature,  
 Beauty's queen in form and feature,  
 Do you thus, perversely cruel,  
 Feed my flame with constant fuel ?

Can you see me sigh and languish,  
 And refuse to soothe my anguish ?  
 Can you see me pale and thin,  
 Wasted to the very skin,  
 And not one tender look bestow  
 To ease my bosom's mighty woe ?

Have I not assiduous strove,  
 To win, sweet nymph, thy virgin love ;  
 Us'd each art of soft persuasion,  
 Seiz'd on every apt occasion,  
 When to plead my amorous tale ?  
 Ah, Rosa ! tell me why I fail ?

Is it because I candles sell ?  
 Ah ! would the candles were at hell !  
 But still my Rosa must confess  
 I never fail to change my dress,  
 And guard from every squeamish nose  
 Those smells that might my trade disclose.

Then why, my Rosa, be so cruel ?  
 Why let me dwindle, peak, and pine ?  
 I live on milk and water gruel,  
 As if I were in a decline.



Ah Rosa, Rosa, when I'm dead,  
And nothing but a lifeless lump,  
Perhaps you'll wish, in vain, to wed  
Your faithful, loving, sweetheart CRUMP !

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## VERBAL MORALITY.

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SIR,

THE power of language in heightening or mitigating the character and quality of any action is no less singular than important. It was sagaciously observed by Mirabeau, that " words are things;" and there are few things in this world, perhaps, which exercise a more potent dominion over the mind of man than words. In the hands of a skilful orator, they become either the means of truth, or the artifice of fraud, according as he chances to employ them, for great and honourable, or for mean and unworthy purposes. There is no action, being in itself wrong, which may not be aggravated into enormity, or softened down to a mere venial offence, by the manner in which it is represented. It is of some consequence, therefore, that we should accustom ourselves to examine the conduct of others, by a strict course of investigation, unwarped by prejudice, and uninfluenced by declamatory invective.

I was led into this reflection the other day by hearing the conduct of a person, whom I happened to know, alternately palliated and condemned by two of his *friends*, who took opposite views of it. In my way home I could not help meditating upon the very different aspect which that conduct bore, according as it was painted by these contending artists, and I began to try the experiment upon several of those offences against morals which the daily intercourse of life obtrudes upon our attention. I took in the first instance the imaginary case of an individual who had seduced a young girl, and

considered how variously that single act might be represented by a man of the world, a moralist, a philosopher, and a sentimentalist. Their different modes, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will exhibit, as an illustration of the general observations with which I commenced this letter.

*The Man of the World.*—I see nothing so very reprehensible in the affair of Mr. A. What is it after all?—He met a pretty girl in company, who very soon filled his bosom with warm and resistless desires. He paid his addresses to her; perhaps intended to marry her. In the mean time a propitious moment presents itself; love prevails; and a fine chubby boy appears a few months after as a proof that his parents were happy. The girl was old enough to know what she was about: no violence was employed: consent preceded, and approbation followed:—what blame ought to attach to a man who seizes such a golden opportunity? Life is made up of accidental good: and when a female is disposed to make the surrender of her person, I see no more reason why the proposal should be rejected, than if she offered to bestow a ring or a seal as the token of her affection. Perhaps it will be urged that persuasion was employed on the part of the lover. Very likely; but she had discretion to know the amount of that persuasion. I am quite confident, that if he had persuaded her to jump off a precipice, break her leg, or run a knife through her hand, she would have had sense enough to withstand such persuasion. The same sense might have been excited to resist the other: and I really think it folly to visit all the consequences of an intrigue upon the man alone, when he has no other responsibility properly attaching to him, than that of having asked a favour, and accepted it when offered.

*The Moralist.*—Every act that involves consequences injurious to society at large, or to individuals, is an act which we were not justified in performing. Reason was given to us for no other purpose but as a check upon our

passions, and a guide to our conduct. The abuse of this reason when working prejudice to ourselves carries its own punishment along with it; but when it is abused for the purpose of entailing misery upon another, in a greater proportion than upon ourselves, it ought to be stigmatized with augmented severity, because the evil is extended. It has been said that when a girl, arrived at years of discretion, consents to surrender her virtue, the party accepting it commits no very great crime. It must be remembered, however, that we cannot lawfully or honorably accept that which it is neither lawful nor honorable to give. The virtue of a woman is not, strictly speaking, her own property: it constitutes a part of the public virtue of the state, and when destroyed, a direct injury is inflicted upon public morals and decorum. The virtue of a woman also constitutes a part of the virtue and honor of her family, which she cannot diminish or corrupt without infringing upon the rights of others. When, therefore, the libertine argument is employed that a man, in acceding to the profligate desires of a lustful girl, merely accepts that upon the propriety of which the party giving ought to reflect, I hope I have shewn, in opposition to that argument, that no absolute liberty of action is vested in any individual so as to contravene the great original privileges which belong to social nature. It is an axiom of moral and political law, that no man can lawfully receive what it is unlawful to give; for it is an absurdity to suppose contradictory rights. So much for the negative criminality of the deed. But what shall we say to him who actively stimulates and excites another to bestow that which reason, honor, and religion alike demand should be withheld; who endeavours to weaken the distinctions of right and wrong, and to throw down the defences of virtue which custom and education have reared. He becomes doubly a participator in the offence. He at once provokes and enjoys the commission of it. He uses the influence which a superior understanding, or a superior station in society,



perhaps, gives him, to debase and corrupt the innocent and the unsuspecting. It may be true, that the woman ought to exercise the same discretion in this, as she would in any other affair nearly affecting her personal safety. But in the latter, it should be remembered, the danger would be obvious and positive, while in the other, it is partly concealed from the view by those clouds of passion, which it is the interest and object of the betrayer to excite. Besides, it commonly happens, from the intellectual character of a woman, that she is mentally as well as physically the weaker being. How base then, to employ our own superiority of mind, not to enlighten the ignorant, or to confirm the doubtful, but to increase the darkness of the one, and aggravate the perplexity of the other. Whether, therefore, the act of seduction be considered as an offence against the fundamental rights of society, or as an injury pertaining immediately to the party seduced, it becomes equally an object of moral reprobation.

*The Philosopher.*—The legislature of any country would confer an invaluable boon upon that country, if it could successfully devise the means of preventing seduction. The nature of this offence, as it respects individuals, is much less, perhaps, than as it affects the community. Distinct from the latter consideration it might be difficult to shew that in following the most necessary, as well as the most powerful appetite of our nature, any crime is committed against the author of it. In stating this proposition, I of course do not mingle any considerations of theology with it; being more anxious to argue it as a matter of civil and political importance, and in that point of view alone, it will immediately appear that the regulation of our passions is necessary to the well-being of society. The evils sustained by the community from the practice are numerous and severe. In the first place it affects the population of the country, by introducing the necessity of various schemes for preventing the disclosure of the criminal intercourse; and by being also

the fruitful source of that contagious distemper, the brand of infamy as well as punishment, of the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. Depopulation ensues in various ways from this intercourse, the intercourse itself, be it remembered, proceeding entirely from the original sin of seduction. The ravages committed by that pestiferous disease, which prostitution at once creates and communicates, have been estimated at not less than 20,000 persons annually. Then, in consequence of the fear of detection, the dread of shame, or from mere natural depravity, how many infanticides are committed, thus destroying the sources of population in their very outset. Many dreadful practices are likewise resorted to, in order to prevent child-birth at all, when a spurious offspring is to be brought into the world. If all these various modes by which the population of the country is positively diminished be considered, and if it be also considered that every one of them takes its rise from the simple act of seduction, who can hesitate to pronounce that act a civil offence of the greatest magnitude? But this is not the only injury inflicted upon society. The diffusion of immorality, in consequence of the augmented number of harlots, whose daily, and especially whose nightly study it is to seduce the unwary of the other sex into the commission of various offences, and who lend themselves to the base office of qualifying their own sex for the same degraded avocation as they themselves pursue. Consequent upon this is the check upon marriages; for, as men find easy and cheap ways of gratifying their passions, they are less disposed to undergo the burden and cares of a matrimonial life. Now the best citizen is commonly he who has the greatest interest at stake in the prosperity of the commonwealth. Hence husbands and fathers, and they who are held to the social compact by the various ties of kindred, are the most industrious, the most virtuous, and the most respectable part of the community: whatever therefore promotes the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes diminishes the

motives to marriage, and consequently diminishes the aggregate amount of good and useful citizens. It is estimated that the prostitutes of London alone amount to 50,000. Suppose each of them to retain within the circle of unlawful pleasures only three individuals, either permanently or successively, that will make 150,000; and if we further suppose each of these 150,000 to have been married, and reared a family of four only, then the whole loss to the commonwealth, of an active and efficient population, would be 600,000 persons. This is a calculation that applies to the metropolis only: if extended throughout the country it might, I apprehend, be doubled. Let every person, therefore, who is about to commit the crime of seduction, reflect that he is lending additional aid to the accomplishment of such extensive and enormous evils to that society which he is bound to protect and succour.

*The Sentimentalist.*—Shame on the destroyer of female innocence; shame on the remorseless wretch who brings to ruin, indigence, and shame, the loveliest work of creation. Oh thou who art meditating so black a scheme, pause but for one moment, think calmly of what thou art intending, and conscious horror will repel you from your unhallowed purpose. Picture to yourselves the scene of joy, contentment, and virtue, into which you are about to bring desolation, agony, and woe. Behold that timid, spotless, and confiding virgin, whose yet untarnished name you would sully, making her the victim of your own lust and her affection; behold her in the bosom of her family receiving and reflecting honor; behold the prompt officious zeal with which she discharges all the filial duties, and the generous emulation with which she undertakes those of humanity. With unoffending simplicity of heart and manners she pursues her blameless course through life, cheered perhaps by the gladdening hope that one day she may become your wife, preside with virtuous dignity at your social board, and rear with fond sedulity the offspring of your mutual love. This



secret hope, which she cherishes in the silent ecstasy of thought, too fearful to disclose it, and half afraid even to recognize it in the impenetrable solitude of her own mind, you wait to blight for ever. Secure in her most unbounded love, you own a title that might confirm your happiness and hers in this world; but you pervert it from its honest and manly purpose to accomplish her ruin and your own infamy. Yet in some moment of unguarded passion, in some disastrous crisis of her fate, some fatally auspicious occasion, when every tender feeling of her heart, like traitors, press around it only to betray; when forgetful of the imminent peril that threatens, unconscious of the awful brink on which she stands, because led thither by the hand that has sworn itself her protector, a thousand times perhaps, she surrenders up her destiny to thy guidance, full of complying wishes, of obscure but ardent sentiments, you, like a ravening monster, pounce with fell and greedy purpose on your victim, and strike her into utter, hopeless, irremediable misery and anguish. She wakes from her dream to brood over her fallen fortune, in all the unmitigated horror of guilt, despair, and treachery: you rouse yourself from your base ignoble scheme, to triumph with malignant and savage exultation over the hapless object of your perfidy and lust. To triumph! Mournful as the spectacle is which your unawed and licentious passions have produced, I would not exchange her forlorn condition for thy momentary and hollow triumph. The victim of vice is pitiable: the perpetrator of it is odious.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you may perceive how differently the same will shew itself according to the colouring; and thus we may all learn the necessity of divesting any offence of that delusive glare which exaggeratory declamation may throw around it.

I remain, Sir, yours,

PROTEUS.

July 19th.

# FURTHER LIST OF THE LILLIPUTIAN NAVY,

*Navigating the Serpentine River,*

BY ORDER OF THE REGENT OF LILLIPUT.

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Where'er thy navy spreads her canvas wings,  
*Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings ;*  
 The French and Spaniards, when thy flags appear,  
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.  
 Should nature's self invade the world again,  
 And o'er the center spread the liquid main ;  
 Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand  
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.  
 Thy DREADFUL FLEET would style thee lord of all,  
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball !

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*The Queen*, a first rate foreign built ship, figure head and breastwork ornamented with diamonds; the net work and rigging Mecklenburgh lace: her commander, long an honour to his profession, and worn out in the service, is now laid on the shelf.—This vessel has been so many years in commission, that it is thought to be in a crazy condition, owing to some of her interior materials having been taken out to assist in constructing the ship moored close to her stern, as well as some others in the fleet: was lately employed in the gold dust and Strasburgh snuff trade; and though long possessing a superabundance of stores, has been seldom known to afford relief to vessels in distress.

*The Prince George*, also a first rate, but English built, from a Dutch design; a dull, heavy sailer, better calculated for a victualling store ship, or the Oporto trade, than a man of war: is generally taken in tow by the *Queen*, and a black-sided lugger, known by the name of the *Chancellor*.—It is supposed to have sustained considerable damage in the hull and bowsprit, from encountering a squadron of fireships, as well as being water-logged.

*The Caroline*, a fine well trimmed frigate, intended as a constant consort to the last-mentioned vessel; they sailed some time in company, but were unfortunately separated by the *Jersey* brimstone ship, which ever after kept the

Caroline from joining company, the purity and delicacy of her colours not permitting her to come within hail of such a foul magazine.

*The Elizabeth*, a strong frigate of the first class, launched from the Queen's slip about forty-four years ago; is remarkably broad on her beams, handsomely rigged and painted, well found in stores, but was never regularly manned.

*The Mary, Sophia, and Augusta*, launched in succession from the same slip as the last, and of a similar rate, but longer in their keels, and not so broad on their beams; their fittings-up and decorations are of the most expensive kind. It was thought there would have been no difficulty in procuring hands to man them; but if any have volunteered, it does not appear that they have yet been admitted between decks.

*The Frederick*, a ship of war, English keel, but principally finished by foreigners, was constructed by the master builder of the Prince George, and on the same slip; has frequently been on foreign stations, under the command of petticoat captains.—It is a very taught-masted vessel, carrying more sail than ballast, and was lately run down by the *Mary Anne* and *Mother Cary* bomb ketches, and the *Wardle* lumber ship.

*The Clarence*, a stout sea-worthy first rate vessel, bearing an Admiral's flag, and lately in chase of the *Tilney Long*, a rich merchant ship; on which occasion it abandoned the *Little Pickle* schooner, and her convoy of family vessels, to the rude elements.—The *Tilney Long* escaped during a heavy fog, but was afterwards captured off Point Wanstead by the *Wellesley Pole*, a gaudy swift sailing man of war, mounting a long twelve in the poop, who gave her a rough handling, driving in one of her ports, and otherwise damaging her dead lights.

*The Little Charlotte* yacht, lately launched into the ocean of life, and constructed out of the spare materials selected from the Prince George and Caroline, intended to carry a royal personage, and fitted up accordingly.



The *Orange*, a Dutch-built ship, was to have sailed in her company, on a foreign station, but the yacht not readily answering the helm, the former was obliged to sail without her. She has a strong likeness to the *Caroline*, and is powerfully attracted towards that vessel whenever it heaves in sight. According to etiquette, a thing much observed in modern times, this yacht should be under the command of the *Prince George*, but having lately exhibited symptoms of mutiny, it is expected to be put out of commission.

The *Gloucester*, a British vessel, of the same class with the *Prince George*, *Frederick*, and others, built by a brother architect, but launched from a common slip; one of the best ships in the Lilliputian navy, answering the helm, and performing every nautical manœuvre with correctness.—It is truly an example to the whole fleet.

The *Mecklenburgh*, a foreign built vessel, by the same country artist as the *Queen*, sent here merely for the purpose of catching up one of the rich prizes with which the Serpentine coast particularly abounds.

The *Sheridan*, an Irish built vessel, classically rigged, but never well found in stores; has stood several sharp engagements with the Chatham fleet, without sustaining any material damage; but being now very much decayed in the upper works, and having for some time been employed as a guardship, it is expected to be shortly cut down, and converted into a sheer hulk.

The *Lord Castlereagh*, ballast-lighter, of Irish construction, and formerly fitted out as a political steam-engine for forcing a junction between the Thames and the Shannon, but since taken up for the Slave Trade. It is considerably strained by its early occupation, and in its new undertaking will most likely founder.

The *Liverpool*, formerly one of the Chatham fleet, designed and built by a schoolmaster, and intended, so long back as the year 1793, to go upon wheels to Paris; but the project could never be carried into execution, and it was generally believed that this vessel and the *Lord*

*Castlereagh* would have been dispatched by their owner, (on his coming to unrestricted power) to Bottomless Bay.

*The Doctor*, a long narrow vessel, built by an apothecary, and placed in the Pigmy, or Lower House fleet, as a signal ship; has since altered its name to that of *Prime Minister*, and was intended to take the lead and direction of the whole, but found inadequate to the task, and has been attached to the grand fleet under the name of *The Sidemouth*, and employed in guarding the home trade.

*The Yarmouth*, a stout British ship, lately employed in the Russian service, distinguished by its figure head having a large pair of whiskers; was often seen hovering in sight of *The Oldenburgh*, a handsome rich vessel belonging to its owner, but not being permitted to come within gun-shot, could not make any attempts to board her. It has now resumed its former situation as a repeating frigate to the *Prince George*, in company of which ship it will most generally be seen.

*The Ellen Bergha*, an ill looking, black-sided ship, with black rigging and white streamers, figure head of wood and wig, beam and knees curiously constructed of lawyers' bones covered with vellum, and the interstices stuffed with indigested and misconstrued legal aphorisms; can sail without compass or rudder, and makes the most way in a storm, having more than once run down several fleets of Jury boats, and forced others into dangerous and unknown navigations. Under cover of an impeachment tempest, not very frequent in the Serpentine seas, it is said formerly to have taken out of *The Hastings*, a rich eastern trading vessel, great part of its valuable cargo. The little patriotic navy of St. Stephen's island are under considerable apprehension lest this ship is introduced for the purpose of acting as a torpedo against them, having on board a considerable quantity of law gunpowder, compounded of *ex officio* informations, conjectures, surmises, and inuendos from the *Garrowlous* laboratory.—Two of the St. Stephen's fleet,

the *Westminster* and the *Grampound*, have already suffered great damage from an attack of this powerful vessel, and were driven out of harbour; the commander of the former having been consigned to a prison-ship, and that of the latter, after abandoning his crew, escaped to the coast of France.

*The Van Sourtant*, a ship of Dutch origin, and employed by the Regent of Lilliput in raising money out of the ocean.

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### THE REVIEWER.

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*Letters from a Lady to her Sister, during her Tour to Paris, in the Months of April and May, 1814. Longman and Co.*

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THE influence of tyranny, not only on the empire and population immediately subject to its despotic sway, but on the general intelligence of mankind, has been strongly and deplorably realized by the history of the reign of Napoleon; and the most cursory review of the state of Europe, as it is now exhibited, compared with its apparent character and situation, when we were compelled to form our ideas of the greater part of the continent from the representations of the French government, and of its subordinate journalists, must awaken the astonishment as much as it gratifies the curiosity of the reflecting observer. Several years have elapsed since the interior administration, the local peculiarities, or the general manners of the French could be examined with minuteness; even the visitors during the peace of 1802 were cajoled and enchanted by the pre-arranged attractions of the metropolis, and by the appearance of momentary wealth, either attracted by curiosity, or compelled by mercenary purposes, to line the road from Calais to the interior of the kingdom. The desolate cross-roads, the ruined edifices, the dilapidated tombs, and the exhausted population, which ever at that period evinced



the injurious and destructive tendency of military despotism were eclipsed by the splendour of the court, and were in all probability the objects of secondary enquiry to the patriotic Holcroft, the philosophic Carr, and the classical and abstemious Pinkerton. For the last twelve years, such is the baleful influence of arbitrary government, the people of England and the French nation itself appear to have been equally ignorant of the actual state of France; to have entertained the most erroneous opinions respecting her resources and civilization, and to have doubted between the declarations of the established government and the dictates of common sense.

One of the principal means by which the attention of the French people was diverted from their internal miseries, and the curiosity of the other European powers was defied or eluded, consisted in the pompous enunciation of chemical discoveries, sculptural acquisitions, and unrivalled attainments in the arts. The name of David was exalted above that of every modern painter; the museums were recorded and eulogized with all the eloquence that Gallic vanity could accord to the purposes of its ruler; the mathematical discoveries of Laplace himself were adduced by the government as evidence of the zeal and liberality with which it fostered and encouraged the arts and sciences; and even the public works, many of which remain only to testify the extravagance, insanity, and utter disregard of common prudence, in their projector, filled the columns of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal de l'Empire*, and were copied with patriotic exultation into the columns of Lovell and Sir Richard Phillips, as exhibiting a striking contrast between our own destitution of taste and incurable Vandalism, and the love of art, the attachment to science, and the universal genius of the great nation.

As far as the encouragement of art or science could assist the military enterprizes of Bonaparte, or promote the extension and the glory of his name, so far and so far only did he diffuse his patronage, or employ the pe-

cuniary resources of the nation. In works of mere utility, and destitute of show, he neither exercised his own talents, nor employed the means within his power of conducing to the happiness of the community. At the moment when his engineers were engaged in constructing the canal of Ourcq, the common and necessary highways between that town and the rest of the province were utterly impassable.

Three hundred thousand old men, women, and children have been employed during the last three years on public works ; yet it is extremely difficult for a pedestrian to travel twenty miles without the protection of a guard ; and such is the ruinous and barbarous state of the country, that an artist observed in sketching the ruins of an edifice, or taking a landscape, is immediately suspected of some sinister design, and subjected to the cognizance of the police. To take a walk in a cross-road after engaging your bed at an inn would be little better than an act of madness. The conscription having exhausted the country of every individual capable of carrying arms above a certain age, and not possessed of some office sufficiently important to render his person familiar to the village : the same prejudice still continues ; and a well-dressed Englishman, enjoying the climate and the prospects of France in an evening walk (not amongst hedge-rows, for in France such luxuries are unknown) would be seized as a spy, or maltreated as a vagabond.

To an Englishman the venerable relics of ecclesiastical antiquity are the peculiar objects of interest and enquiry.

An English painter, engraver, or lover of antiquities, hastens, therefore, with all the anticipations of enthusiasm, to some magnificent and celebrated edifice, with the purpose of embodying its beauties, and deriving from its contemplation new sources of improvement and delight. He enters the structure after many evasions of impertinent enquiry, and finds that the interior is a heap of ruins : that during the fervour of the revolution every image and every work of art that bore the sanction of

the cross, or so far insulted the advocates of equality as to retain the vestiges of noble descent and courtly honour, have been defaced or utterly destroyed: that the founts have been converted into drinking troughs, and the brazen ornaments of saints and chevaliers have been melted down into the helmets and cannon of revolutionary warfare.

It is one of the most degrading circumstances to the government of Bonaparte, not that he caused these evils, but that he did not attempt their remedy: that perceiving the state of barbarism and ignorance to which France had been reduced, he should have endeavoured to deceive the observation of Europe by the ostentation of extensive science, profound philosophy, and exalted art; by the exhibitions of an institute tutored for the purpose, and the continual annunciation of new inventions, rather than prepare for a time to come of discovery and examination, when the substantial blessings of the people would have formed his best foundation of appeal to the forgiveness of his enemies, and to the avowed admiration or secret attachment of his political partizans.

To delineate, therefore, the more interesting features of the national character as they are exhibited in the seclusion of rural privacy, or to communicate those vivid and diversified pictures of scenery and manners, which strike the eye, and awaken the sympathy of the traveller in England, on the most casual and hasty excursion, will for some time require a greater share of intrepidity and self-denial than the majority of our tourists are willing to display, and will be nearly impossible to the most curious and indefatigable traveller. The utmost that can be expected for many years from the literary purveyors to the curiosity of the public, will be a general description of the appearance of the roads, the accommodation at inns and houses of entertainment, the expences of posting, and the general *contour* and character of Parisian society. We do not include among the other topics of entertainment or instruction that will soon administer to



the gratification of the public, the unrivalled treasures of art and nature, that attest the predatory violence of the French nation, while they contribute to sooth its mortifications and cherish its ambition. They are worthy of more elaborate description, and more accurate and philosophic examination, than the writers of travels possess the leisure or the talents to bestow : and may hereafter tend by the general diffusion of a love for the arts, and the cultivation of that chastity of taste which so powerfully contributes to purity of morals, to yield some small atonement to injured Europe, for a long career of murder and devastation.

The profligacy and corruption of the French character; the utter destitution of morals that pervades every rank and every description of society; the absorption of every generous feeling and every social sympathy in the sense of personal interest; and the general diffusion of cunning, meanness, and hypocrisy, are too forcibly delineated, and too accurately reported in the late *expose*, submitted to the French people by the ministers of state, to require additional proof, or more strong and appropriate colouring: and when it is considered that the external appearance of the people of Paris accords with their moral and intellectual character as thus vividly and lamentably described, it will easily be conceived that few objects of cursory attention are likely to meet the eye of the passing traveller, on which he can gaze with pleasure, or of which the portraiture would contribute to the gratification of his readers.

Yet we think that, granting to the fair writer of the sketch before us every allowance for the shortness of her visit and the general monotony of the streets of Paris, she has trespassed too unmercifully on the good-nature of her correspondent, and on the curiosity of the public. The Palais Royal, the Boulevards, the Theatres, and many other objects which present themselves to the notice of the most unobserving passengers, and exhibit many singular traits of character and manners, might surely have

been distinguished by something more than a passing notice. But the greater part of the volume is occupied with dates and personal memoranda; with amiable terrors lest she should write a very stupid letter, terrors which it must be confessed are usually just, and with the important information that she has this moment partook of a hasty dinner. We strongly suspect indeed that the volume has been compiled from the newspapers, and from some compendium similar to the *Tableau de Paris*. Eighteen pages (59 to 76) are copied from the *Moniteur*, and the description of monuments, and the hasty notices of Sacken and Blucher, might be collected in a London parlour, as easily as at a Parisian *table d'hôte*, and the routes and places of posting are collected verbatim from the common itinerary. Yet as the casual observations on the Parisian costume are evidently written by a female, and may *have been* transmitted to this country enclosing a card of lace or a pattern of silks, we shall do the fair writer the justice to extract it. "We partook of a hasty dinner, and then determined on losing no time; we went to the Theatre Feydeau, where I was *rashtly* entertained, particularly with the dress of the ladies which was so totally opposite to all my ideas of propriety or elegance; so entirely different from any thing you meet with even in the caricature shops in England, that my attention was much more rivetted on the boxes than on the stage. The Parisian evening costume is a gown certainly, but of such a comical form that I should rather imagine it was thrown on by mistake, than actually made for the person who wears it. Their waists are frightfully short, and the back of the gown crossed like a half handkerchief leaves too much exposed to please my taste: very short petticoats, with five or six flounces of *blonde*, which added to the fullness of the dress, make them look as if they wore hoops; their hair *a la Grecque*, as they call it, is drawn tight to the top of the head, and then plaited, and a large comb, ornamented with pearls or coral, placed over the whole front of the hair. The hair is generally flat on

the forehead, excepting one ringlet on each side of the face. If they tried to disfigure themselves, the pretty women of Paris could not more effectually do so than by dressing in this outrageous manner. Their walking costume is even more absurd, as their bonnets are so very laughable, that were I to attempt sending you a sketch of them you would accuse me of following Baron Munchausen's plan; they are of an uncommon height, and surmounted by an immense bunch of artificial flowers or feathers, and when they walk I have really trembled for them, since every moment I expected they would be overbalanced, and a fall be the consequence, particularly as the French ladies do not walk in our decided John Bull manner, but seem to tremble with sentiment every step they take; what would the towering madam say, could she rise from the tomb of her forefathers and see herself so much eclipsed?"

It is impossible for an Englishman to contemplate the disclosures which have been lately made of the actual state to which the morals and resources of France have been reduced, without feeling all his natural enthusiasm in the cause of liberty confirmed and invigorated by the melancholy prospect before him. It has been in the power of one man to demoralize the character of a mighty nation, and to retain its respective departments in impenetrable ignorance of the collective misery occasioned by his sway. To the advocates of the liberty of the press no stronger argument can be afforded than by the degradation and distress to which France has been subjected from its restraint. It is better that enthusiasm should sometimes degenerate into licentiousness, than that all the sources of human happiness should be destroyed, and all the sources of human morality be corrupted.



## VINDICATION OF MR. WHITBREAD.

SIR,

IN admitting the letter of *Publicus*, in your last number, (p. 36) I am willing to do every justice to the impartiality of your motives, and especially when I connect that admission of the article with your declaration in the notice to correspondents, that you have no coincidence with the writer's opinion, and express a hope that some of Mr. Whitbread's advocates will give a satisfactory reply to the arguments adduced against him! In calling the sentences of *Publicus* arguments, I beg to be understood as applying that term only according to the common courtesy of polemical discussion; for in truth I never read any thing which more felicitously abstained from every symptom of sound argument than the letter in question; and I rely therefore upon your professed candour, to admit this refutation of what may be of more correctly designated as a tissue of sophistical declamation. *Publicus* commences by paying a just tribute of applause to the manly and philanthropic sentiments uttered by Mr. Whitbread, in depreciating the revival of the slave trade, and then, with a species of confident inconsistency, which I cannot sufficiently admire, he proceeds to arraign the proceedings of Mr. Whitbread's whole life, as being one "series of crude, undigested sentiments, conflicting with immature practice."—I own I do not exactly comprehend the force of this last sentence, "immature practice!" Does *Publicus* mean to say, that the parliamentary conduct of Mr. Whitbread has in every instance, been marked by that precipitant rashness which denotes him to be rather the child of passion than the pupil of reason? If he does, let him produce his instances to prove the assertion. Was the impeachment of Lord Melville a vague and undefined proceeding? Did the public reap no substantial benefit from an inquiry into enormous abuses, which, though it led not to condign punishment upon the titled offender, at last roused the

suspicion of government, and awed other officers of the crown from committing similar speculations?—Will *Publicus* contend that the laborious exertions of Mr. Whitbread to produce an ameliorated system of education for the poor, the great and universal specific for national prosperity and true national elevation of character, were merely the crude and visionary schemes of a dreaming theorist, who obscurely beholds a problematical good, and vaguely strains to accomplish it? He will hardly, I think, be so bold as to maintain this; he will hardly stigmatise the man who so nobly endeavoured to impart knowledge, and with knowledge virtue, to the great mass of the community, as one “who never thought one hour before he acted, how he would act, or ever remembered one hour after he had spoken, what he said.” The comprehensive plan which Mr. Whitbread submitted to the legislature for securing a regular and efficient system of instruction to the labouring and indigent classes of the people, received even from those who opposed its introduction, upon principles to them satisfactory and convincing, the most unequivocal testimonies of applause and congratulation. It exhibited a deep and a philosophical view of the whole subject, a profound knowledge of its political importance, and a sagacious acquaintance with the best practical means of carrying it into effect. Of all men living, surely the epithets of reproach which *Publicus* has adopted can least be applied to him whose labours have uniformly had for their object the improvement and happiness of mankind, either by repressing positive evils which disturbed that happiness, or by devising positive schemes which might promote that improvement.

It is true, Mr. Whitbread has uniformly expressed his abhorrence of the French war upon the principle on which it was originally undertaken; but was he alone in that? A great proportion of the wisest and ablest men who then sat in parliament concurred with him in that abhorrence. It would be idle now to revive the ques-

tion for which Fox contended, and from which Burke apostatised; but in this country, where the maxims of a wise and enlarged liberty are at least acknowledged, if not always enforced, it is surely no political heresy to maintain that every nation has an undoubted right to regulate its own internal policy free from the controul or mandatory influence of any other state. It is true, also, that Mr. Whitbread has constantly advocated the necessity of peace, and unceasingly urged the propriety of attempting it, whenever it could be done without any compromise of national honor. Does this denote a man totally devoid of principle as *Publicus* insinuates? Are the enormous evils of war, both remote and immediate, of that neutral and insignificant description that no anxiety need be felt about their termination? The wretched waste of human blood, the accumulating pressure of taxation, the increasing habits of military ascendancy, the profuse and lavish expenditure of public money, the various abuses that grow out of a state of warfare, the augmented spirit of hostility between rival states, and the neglect of domestic encroachments upon constitutional practice, being among the sad catalogue of dangers and difficulties which accompany protracted war: is he who incessantly solicits a termination of them to be branded as one who would ruin his country by pusillanimous councils? In what code of public or private morality has *Publicus* studied, that he should venture to cast such broad imputations upon the motives of a man whose end and object are so wise, liberal, and defined?

As far as I can now recollect these transactions form the leading features of Mr. Whitbread's public life, except the last great occasion on which he nobly stepped forward in support of injured innocence and oppressed royalty. I allude to his firm, undaunted, and manly conduct with respect to the Princess of Wales. Is there a man in the kingdom who does not cordially admire and approve his proceedings on this delicate and trying



occasion? Unawed by the clamors of a ministerial faction; unchecked by the supposed obligations of party feeling; unsubdued by the attacks of venal advocates, and unimpeded by any considerations of personal aggrandisement, he braved them all in the conscious execution of a great public duty. The voice of the nation has stamped its according suffrage upon the arduous but noble enterprize. Standing alone in the commencement, he finds himself encircled at the conclusion with the unanimous applause and concurrence of the people. What would have been the situation of the Princess of Wales if Mr. Whitbread, disentangling himself from all the shackles of political connexion, had not stepped forward and raised his single voice in behalf of a persecuted, suffering stranger, and that stranger a woman and a princess? She might still have pined in unmerited obscurity, shadowed over with the doubtful veil of guilt, and abandoned by that public sympathy which Mr. Whitbread has awakened, and which will prove her surest bulwark and defence so long as a blameless conduct on her part shall deserve it. She might still have been the victim of secret inquiry and open insult; she might still have remained dependent on the precarious support of the only individual whose sentiments were most avowedly hostile to her. She might still have been debarred the common privileges of the land she lives in; cut off not only from the allowed and proper endearments of the conjugal state, but cruelly interdicted from that solace in her retirement which the affectionate duty of an only child could give, and which might almost counterbalance the privation of every other enjoyment. To reinstate her in those rights; to interpose the strong arm of popular feeling in her defence; to vindicate the power and dignity of parliament, by making it the check upon undue severity in the crown itself; and to rescue a forlorn and helpless stranger, from the desolate misery into which she had been unworthily, unjustly precipitated: these were the noble objects of Mr. Whitbread's exer-

tions, and their success has been the no less noble reward of them. And will *Publicus* say, that achievements like these stamp Mr. Whitbread as a man, "the plaything of his own passions, a political bubble inflated by vanity and sustained by confidence, or as a machine blindly acting from impulses, of whose origin or tendency he knows nothing?" We may indeed aver such an absurdity, because any thing is possible in the way of folly, to him who submits wholly to prejudice; but in averring it, he will only have the unenviable gratification of saying what no one believes and every one despises.

*Publicus*, however, further contends that Mr. Whitbread is inconsistent in lamenting that peace was concluded, because he had always been desirous of peace. I admit he was always anxious for peace but what sort of peace did he desire? One that should be compatible with the honour and dignity of the country. Was the peace just concluded, compatible with that honour and dignity, in reference to the article which permitted the revival of the slave trade? If it was, then we betrayed that honour and dignity in abolishing a trade which we may sanction in others, without a violation of them. If it was, then every one of those innumerable petitions, which load the tables of both houses of parliament, are a gross libel upon the past decisions of the legislature, and a seditious obstruction of the legitimate operations of government. But who will contend that our national honor has been consulted in that part of the treaty? No one, but your correspondent *Publicus*; and he discovers the secret by a mental process which looks with more anxiety to the inculcation of those who oppose the article, than to the exculpation of those who introduced it. Wishing him every benefit of such a discovery.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
W.

July 4th, 1814.

## HOAXES.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR Francis Burdett, in his late address to his constituents, was extremely severe on the inconsistency with which the friends of ministers and dependants on the court, express their indignation at the hoax of the stock-jobbing conspirators, while they themselves are committed the most gross and infamous tricks of the same description with the most shameless impunity. He dwelt with much risibility on the assurance of the Morning Post that the Princess of Wales was impressed with the deepest feelings of gratitude and contrition; and adduced the Naumachia on the Serpentine as a striking evidence that hoaxing may be practiced in parks and palaces, as easily as in the lobby of a gaming-house, or on the floor of an exchange.

The honorable baronet, however, in his attempts to divide the infamy of hoaxing between his political friends and political opponents, and to show that the greater weight of shame and responsibility devolves on the latter, appears to have attributed to the influence of party spirit, or to the prevalence of corruption, a propensity that is common to all mankind, and is apparently instinctive to our nature. It is not to the palace, to the House of Commons, and to the stock exchange, that its practice is confined—it equally pervades every class and profession of society. Hoaxing is the first qualification of the lawyer, and the primary business of the votaries of Esculapius: to *hoax* is the first object of the statesman's eloquence; and to *hoax* the last purpose of the most upright diplomatist. The poet's quartos are circulated by the art of hoaxing; and but for an occasional hoax what encouragement would remain for the manufacturers of news?

Of an art so universally practiced, and so generally understood, it is to be lamented that no succinct and authentic history has yet been committed to the world; and that while the bricks of Babylon and the Sarcophagus of Alexandria are the themes of laborious research, and indefati-



gable elucidation, an art more ancient than the time of the Macedonian hero, and equally intelligible to all the labourers at Babel, even after the confusion of languages, should have been left to the casual illustration of its practical professors. It might at least have been expected that those gentlemen, who in their writings have practiced it with frequency and success, would have been stimulated by common gratitude to adorn and elucidate a science so beneficial to their own pecuniary purposes and so gratifying to their ambition. After hoaxing the town with a quarto pamphlet, professing to contain a few hundred lines of poetry, which is found by the reader to be nothing more than a plagiarism from the gazette, Mr. Southey might surely have devoted a few notes as valuable as those appended to the *Carmen Triumphale*, on the nature, history, and advantages of an art, with which for many years he has been conversant; and Dr. Busby, after charging five guineas beneath the auspices of the Chancellor of Oxford, for an imitation of Creech, under the title of a translation of Lucretius, should devote, in common gratitude, another series of *NOCTES ATTICÆ*, to a course of lectures delivered by his son, on the nature of things, as they relate to the art of hoaxing.

In the expectation that some regular historian of this noble art, equally qualified by experience, and stimulated by gratitude, will shortly appear to record its origin and progress, and to enumerate its various recommendations to the reverence of mankind; permit me, Mr. Editor, in the mean time to advance a few cursory remarks on the probable history of hoaxing, during various periods, and on the present modes and extent of its diffusion.

The devil was beyond a doubt the inventor of hoaxing. He hoaxed Eve by a fictitious and plausible tale into eating the apple; and as women are always prone to imitation where the example is evil, she hoaxed her husband by artful smiles and persuasive words into a participation of her crime. The next hoaxter of whom any particulars are recorded was Jacob, who hoaxed Esau out of his mess of

pottage and of his birthright. Sampson was hoaxed out of his head of hair by the machinations of Delilah; and the great men and warriors of the Philistines, in return, were hoaxed out of their lives by Sampson's stratagem. Uriah was hoaxed out of his wife by the intrigues of David; and Holofernes lost his head by the hoax of Judith on the credulity of his servants. On the ground that hoaxing is mentioned in the Bible, the modern pretenders to inspiration practice the science with religious fervor. The seer of visions and the dreamer of dreams at the House of God, hoaxes his hearers with tickets of admission at the gates of Paradise; a rigid disciple of Joanna Southcote, after hoaxing an unfortunate worshipper out of his property, endeavoured to hoax the executioner, but was hoaxed in return; and finally Joanna herself endeavours to hoax the public by widely circulated tales of virgin pregnancy.

The greatest hoaxer that the world ever saw, a hoaxer who bears the most evident marks of his descent, and who will always be regarded by the practicers of that noble science as the great and almost perfect model of reverential imitation, is Napoleon Bonaparte. Having hoaxed the French people into the persuasion that he was the most eligible protector of their lives and liberties, he hoaxed them into the belief that to sacrifice the flower of their youth, and all the blessings of domestic peace, to the murder and destruction of their enemies would extend their glory and secure their felicity: he hoaxed the greater part of Europe into a conviction of his brotherly and virtuous intentions, and had he not carried the ambition of hoaxing to an extreme, might have continued to the present day to hoax us through the medium of the *Moniteur*, by splendid accounts of the internal prosperity, domestic happiness, and inexhaustible resources, which his paternal government had secured and extended. Unfortunately he was tempted to try a hoax too many; and his antagonist having had the wisdom to be instructed by the example of his enemy, hoaxed him in return by alluring him to Moscow, and detaining him amidst the snows

of a Russian winter. On his return he found that notwithstanding his expertness, he had no common hoaxers to contend with in knowledge of the game. The manoeuvre of Blucher, by which he marched to Paris, was a final and masterly hoax on the first hoaxer of his age; but it cannot be denied that even since his fall he has done full justice to his former reputation, and proved himself, by hoaxing the continental powers into a guarantee of the title of emperor, and an income of 600,000 franks, to be as great an adept in the art of money bargains as the most skilful hoaxers of the stock exchange.

To enumerate the names of all the hoaxers who have flourished during the last twenty years in this favoured country of credulity, among the most thinking people in the world, would of itself occupy a volume of the SCOURGE. Yet it may not be entirely useless to commemorate the pretensions of several notorious individuals in this popular science, as presenting some criterion of the extent to which it has been diffused through every department of the state, and every class and profession of society. On the hoaxers of the P—— R——, whether at Newmarket or in Pall Mall, the suavity of manner, and urbanity of temper, that so peculiarly characterize the present attorney-general shall not hoax us to expatiate; nor shall we presume to examine in detail, since the law of libel is a hoax, the hoax of an exalted individual, on the friendship and hospitality of a reverend and honourable gentleman. We shall say nothing of the hoaxes daily and hourly committed by a celebrated baronet, high in the confidence of an illustrious personage; nor draw any invidious distinctions between the acquisition of twelve hundred pounds, on the part of De Berenger, by deceiving the public, and the application of twenty times that sum to her own use, by a venerable old lady, under fictitious pretexts. We shall institute no invidious comparisons between the fraudulent attempt upon the public purse, attributed to Lord Cochrane, and the conversion to their own use of more than



£100,000 by Alexander Davison and Valentine Jones, with the apparent approbation of the higher classes of society; nor shall we depict the contrast between the latter of these delinquents, and the more exalted individual who squanders the treasures of the nation, and exhausts the public purse, in the purchase of baby's toys, and the exhibition of infantine amusements. We remember that hoaxes may be practiced on the bench as well as in the alley; that a packed jury is a hoax; that *Law* personified, when inconsistent with justice, is itself a hoax; and that no luckier hoax can be imagined by the lawyers of the crown, than to catch an inadvertent but well-meaning writer in the commission of an inuendo that may subject him to the jail and the pillory.

We shall therefore proceed to adduce some examples of hoaxing, which if not distinguished by the rank of the individuals from whom they have proceeded, have tended in no inconsiderable degree to corrupt the virtue, destroy the happiness, and pervert the taste of society; to discountenance and discourage the honest pretensions of talents, integrity, and worth; and to counteract the natural progress of the present generation to that perfection in morals, arts, and learning, which but for the artifices of pretenders, the obtrusion of vanity, and the perseverance of knavish cunning, would have been equally rapid and satisfactory.

At the same time, Mr. Editor, you must not mistake me so far as to conclude that I wish to stigmatize all hoaxes as dishonorable or deserving of reprobation. I am not acquainted, for example, with a greater hoaxer than my Lord Wellington. He hoaxed the French general to some purpose in the lines of Torres Vedras, and impressed on the enemy an equal conviction of his skill at the battle of Salamanca. One of the most successful hoaxers of the present time, as I have before had occasion to observe, is the Emperor of Russia; and if stealing without violence be included in the definition, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, who stole the heart of every in-

dividual who experienced the honor of introduction to her society, must be regarded as a female hoaxer of the first class. The Princess Charlotte has stolen the sympathy of every man of honour or feeling in the kingdom.

The hoaxers for amusement, if they do not incur the censure that is demanded by the individuals who sacrifice their principles and pervert their talents in the pursuit of gain, must yet be numbered among the most mischievous and dangerous members of society. The principal member of this class has displayed, it must be confessed, a degree of dexterity in applying the results of his various stratagems to his own pecuniary advantage that might almost justify his degradation to the level of mercenary professors. He has hoaxed the ministry into the grant of a snug sinecure of £2000 per annum, of which, like other great little men, he receives the salary without performing the duties. How little did the warmest friends of the author of *Tekeli*, the *Siege of St. Quintin*, and *Killing no Murder*, anticipate at the commencement of his theatrical career, that the time was not far distant when his puns and inuendoes, his tricks on apothecaries, and his stratagems on the good-nature of the lord mayor, should elevate him to a responsible and profitable situation in the government of the Isle of France; that the Man of Sorrow should become a joyful possessor of the loaves and fishes; and an hereditary composer of airs be appointed to a situation where no wind is heard, no zephyr whispers through the breeze? In one respect, indeed, he may be consoled for his absence from the adulation of the Green-room, the friendship of Matthews, and the enmity of Lord Hawke. He may indulge his juvenile propensities without incurring the legal visitations that have followed his eccentricities in England; and arrange his seraglio undisturbed by the approaches of law and decency. But I have already trespassed, Mr. EDITOR, beyond your limits, and must postpone the remainder of my observations to a further opportunity.

## LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

Agis, the Spartan king, rode upon a hobby horse with his children—Hercules spun at the distaff—Scipio gathered shells and joked with Terence the player—yet they were all heroes in battle.—Zenobia fought the Romans by day, and engaged with her secretary Longinus in a softer combat by night—Boadicea was not more cruel to her foes than kind to her lovers : Joan of Arc headed armies, saved France, and went to bed with the Dauphin.

Are not these precedents sufficient to justify the conduct of a Lord Nelson and a Lady Hamilton ?

In your last number, I was gratified by a perusal of some few extracts from a recent notorious publication of letters, and other nonsense, that passed betwixt the late Lord Nelson and the justly celebrated Lady Hamilton. My gratification arose not from any merit, or indeed any thing I could see to admire in the extracts themselves, but the manner in which you held up to public reprobation a work which reflects disgrace and dishonour both upon the living and the dead, and displays (thank God in colours only fit to disgust !) such scenes of profligacy, immorality, and vice, as perhaps have not issued from the press since Aphra Behn, with her Atalantis, threw off common decency, and set the pernicious example so happily followed in the present instance.

The biographers of Lord Nelson are entitled to praise for the adroit manner in which they glossed over that part of his life, unfortunately tarnished by his connection with Lady Hamilton ; but sooner or later, truth will break from concealment, and a few years would have given to the public, what Lady Hamilton, or as she avers, her deceitful friends at present have done. No man ever more enthusiastically admired the public character of Lord Nelson than I have done—no one more truly deplored his private failings, as no one had better opportunities of forming a true judgment of both.—I have witnessed him in the height of his glory, spreading desolation and death amidst his country's foes, and I have beheld him in his degradation, led by the petticoat-strings of Lady Hamilton.

The vices of Lady Hamilton are certainly not overbalanced by her virtues, though of the latter she certainly had a considerable portion ; and I do believe what Lady Hamilton asserts



to be truth, that but for her exertions to have the fleet supplied at Syracuse, the battle of the Nile had never been fought. Sir William Hamilton, the nominal ambassador, was in a state of mental imbecility at that time, (and had been so for years) which totally disqualified him for public business: Lady Hamilton, with uncommon ability, ruled the court of Naples, and even the prime minister Acton bent at her frown and rose at her smile. The populace looked up to her on all occasions; I have seen (when at the temporary restoration of Ferdinand to his throne) he appeared in the stern gallery of the *Foudroyant*, (Nelson's flag ship) after some trifling applause Lady Hamilton was called for, and upon her appearance greeted with thunders from ten thousand voices collected in boats round the vessel; at the motion of her hand all was quiet, universal silence prevailed, and in the style of an Amazon would she address them for two hours without ceasing, and dismiss them happy; vociferating "long live the ambassador," so they always termed her ladyship; whilst the king and queen and ministers stood insignificantly by, and no one cried "God bless them." If bread was not to be had for the fleet, a note from Lady Hamilton made it instantly appear. If live cattle were scarce, her fiat instantly made them plenty. Nothing, in truth, was wanted which her zeal did not procure; she was every where, early and late, from the store-houses and rope-yards, to the watering places and shambles; and deemed no service troublesome or beneath her attention, which tended to the advancement of her country's interest, to which she made every thing in Naples and Sicily subservient. She was beloved by the British seamen, and was the constant advocate of the humblest who applied to her: with the Admiral, she was profuse of her labour, time, and money, wherever they were required, and in every action deserved well of her country. Had Lady Hamilton been of the opposite sex, I make no doubt but she would at this time have been laden with honours and employments: As a woman, her services entitle her to protection and reward in her declining years which government would do well to bestow. The faults of her private career, be they all upon her own head; the benefits flowing from her political firmness the nation at large has felt. Her private character is not more reprehensible than her public one is meritorious. Unfortunately for her the name of her deceased friend never carried a recommenda-

tion with it to court. He who himself was rewarded for unparalleled services with a niggard bounty\* in his life, could not when dead leave a name likely to serve others.

Thus far I have done justice to Lady Hamilton on the bright side of her character. I shall briefly do the same to that which appears less brilliant.—When things less important than the immediate pursuit of an enemy's fleet were the object of Lord Nelson's care, he was but too often diverted from his duty by the blandishments and smiles of Lady Hamilton. The scene of dissipation, feasts, shews, balls, illuminations, which she caused Palermo to represent, bewildered a brain never famed for its strength; and, "lulled to rest in the lap of love," he forgot all but the scene passing around him.

It is well known that previous to the action of the Nile, the British fleet had been placed on short allowance of provisions. After the battle, the Zealous, Swiftsure, and Lion, were selected to remain and blockade the port of Alexandria, and the remainder of the fleet proceeded to Palermo. Before parting company the ships abovementioned divided their provisions amongst the whole, reserving to themselves only what would serve for six weeks, the admiral promising that the first thing he did on arriving at Palermo would be to send a fleet of transports with supplies for the blockading squadron.

At Palermo the admiral totally forgot his promises, and his squadron led from pleasure to pleasure, and from place to

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\* The niggard manner in which government bestowed honours and reward on Nelson is worthy of remark. After a long series of meritorious actions, ending with the capture of two *Spanish three deckers* on the battle near Cape St. Vincent, he had to write a long and tedious memorial of his services to obtain a paltry pension for the better supporting the title of baronet which was then conferred upon him. After the *Battle of the Nile* he was created simply a *Baron*; after that of Copenhagen a *Viscount*; after Trafalgar, after his death, he was made an *Earl*. Reluctantly thus were his titles and honours drawn from an ungrateful and selfish ministry. Contrast this with the liberality shewn to a man for having achieved a victory chiefly through the prowess of Nelson, and not to bear comparison with the least of his *three immortal triumphs*. This man was advanced at one step to the dignity of an *Earl*, and highly pensioned, although rich from the plunder of the West Indies where he so long figured with Sir Charles Grey. Orders were showered upon him, and now in his dotage slumbering into oblivion on his hoards of wealth, the lucrative post of General of M—— has been lately given to him. These two instances of profusion and meanness are alike disgraceful to our national annals.

place by Lady Hamilton, it was in vain that others (more thoughtful) reminded him of the starved state the ships at Alexandria must be in, and the necessity they would be under of raising the blockade for want of provisions. He again promised—again forgot; the appearance of Lady Hamilton put every idea out of his head but that of obedience to her will; and for weeks no one could approach him upon business. Immersed in a whirlpool of dissipation, which like the Maelstrom of Norway, drew every thing, and every person within its vortex, the distresses that the squadron of Sir Samuel Hood at this time suffered were extreme—the crews subsisted three months upon six weeks provisions; and but for small supplies of rice and fruit got from the Pacha of St. Jean D'Acre, and now and then a turn of brackish water from the Nile, the blockade must have been raised and the enemy's squadron in Alexandria suffered to escape. In fact, at last Sir Samuel Hood was compelled to leave the coast from absolute want, and on the day his ship, (the *Zealous*) anchored in Lamosel in the island of Cyprus, the last provision on board was served out to the officers and crew. From stating this allowance some judgment may be formed of three months suffering in a scorching climate on such fare,—half a pint of wine, thick as treacle, and sour as vinegar,—three pints of water, brackish and muddy, one biscuit, two ounces of rice, and a few raisins—this was the daily quantum, the commander had no more—most of the men were afflicted with the scurvy, and worn to skeletons through severe bowel complaints by using the Nile water.—Such were the miseries endured by people who had so recently fought and bled, whilst their admiral, steeped to the lips in luxury neither thought of or pitied them. At length upon the strong remonstrances of Sir Thomas Trowbridge a supply was sent, when it was not wanted. We had heard from various quarters the manner in which the admiral spent his time. I myself have heard Sir Samuel Hood blame Lady Hamilton for all, execrate her name, and avow his intention of telling her his sentiments before the admiral at Palermo; but there is a something in woman capable of making fools of the wisest of us.—When the *Zealous* came to Palermo, Sir Samuel Hood became one of Lady Hamilton's greatest admirers, and added to the fooleries which every one was anxious to exhibit in honour of Lord Nelson and the fair ambassadress.



I well remember at a time the French fleet had escaped from Brest, and were expected in the Mediterranean, the fleet had orders to compleat for sea with all possible dispatch, to cruise off the island of Maritimo near Sardinia in order to intercept the enemy. After the ships were all equipped, they were kept three entire days in Palermo roads before the admiral could summon resolution to part from Lady Hamilton. The Foudroyant was the last ship that left the anchorage; and words cannot express the joy felt by all at the idea of Nelson being again restored to himself and his proper element. The following morning the Zealous ranging up under the Foudroyant's quarter, Sir Samuel Hood, and in fact all on board were surprized to see Lady Hamilton and the admiral billing and cooing together in the stern gallery, she had been on board all night (Sir William where wert thou?) and a signal was soon made for the whole fleet to lay by, whilst the admiral returned to Palermo with the Foudroyant to land her ladyship. Fortunately for the admiral's fame, the enemy's fleet came no higher than Carthagea, or by this delay they might have passed with ease; nor should we have been acquainted with the circumstance till they had effected the object of their cruise.

The weakness of the admiral was now more serviceable to our foes than his courage had been detrimental, and many stations of importance were left without a single ship to guard them.

These are unquestionable actions which detract much from Lord Nelson's former well earned fame, and at the time deprived Lady Hamilton of much popularity, which she had acquired by her late zeal for the interests of the fleet.

Lady Hamilton had a peculiar knack at winning the sailors' hearts. Delicacy she never pretended to possess, and she always addressed them in their own language, nor ever seemed to feel offence at their rude applause. A loud cheer issued one day from the Minotaur, 74, which at first startled the other ships of the fleet, but it was soon explained. Her ladyship going with her admiral to visit Captain Louis, had got down to the lower deck, where she made the tars a speech, declaring that she would rather have been a foremast man under Nelson at the Nile than Queen of Great Britain.

Sir Samuel Hood, on board his ship in the Mole at Palermo, gave (in his turn) a grand dinner to the admiral, Lady Hamilton,

and most of the officers of the fleet : of course it ended in drunkenness, as all the Palermo feasts did. No man was more vain, or might be more grossly flattered than Lord Nelson when a little elevated with wine; 'twas then "he fought all his battles o'er again," and gained the same victory in twenty different ways, all foreign to the manner in which it had really been effected.

On this day Lord Nelson's health was drank with three times three in thirty bumpers, accompanied by fulsome compliments, which Lady Hamilton always returned in a speech for her friend; the mirth became riot; the conversation, whilst it could be heard, any thing but decent; and at twelve o'clock Lady Hamilton, the only female in company; the queen bee of the hive, ordered the boats for departing. Sir Thomas Trowbridge boasted of having a famous new gig, which he engaged should beat all the other boats to the landing-place at Palermo. Lady Hamilton immediately said she would go in it with her admiral; Sir Thomas politely went into the boat to receive her ladyship, who, seated in the chair, waited for his orders to be lowered over the ship's side. In a few minutes Sir Thomas called out, "lower away, all's ready," and instantly ordered his boat to push off and row as quick as possible. The sailors, obedient to command, lowered away briskly, and her ladyship, instead of being received into the arms of the gallant captain, and having her petticoats smoothed down by the midshipman in waiting, went souse up to the chin in water, to the merriment of every one but her admiral and herself.

Such were the scenes Lady Hamilton was engaged in at Palermo; such the refined pleasures in which the hero of the Nile partook. I shall leave her ladyship up to the neck in water until the next publication of your Magazine, when with your permission, Mr. EDITOR, I will extricate her from so unpleasant a situation, to exhibit her in others, no less strange and surprizing.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

July 21st, 1814.

JOHN MITFORD.

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#### EPIGRAMS.

*A Seaman's Addition to the Litany.*

"Good Lord\*! deliver us, we cry,

"From Bulls, Bears, Stocks, and Pillory!"

\* Probably Lord E——h.

*On the Serpentine Fleet.*

Altho' the *Admiralty-Board* hath spent  
 So much to float this mighty armament,  
 Their greatest difficulty seems behind;  
 That is, as seamen say, *to raise the wind!*

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*Comfort for John Bull.*

Although thy pockets P—— rifle,  
 Consider, John, 'tis but a *trifle*;  
 So be not in thy choler rash,  
 For "*he that steals thy purse steals trash!*"

CASH-IO.

*Tempora Mutantur.*

Before *special juries* and *spies* came in season,  
 The law was declar'd the "*perfection of reason!*"  
 But all such old maxims are quite out of fashion,  
 For *LAW* now appears the *perfection of passion!*

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*A Hint to the Rocketteer-General.*

While you, Sir William, dive in John Bull's pockets,  
 To find the *paper* for your *Patent Rockets*,  
 What if some fireworks spoil the *Regent's* quiet,  
 Since Squibs may *hiss*, and Crackers breed a *Riot!*

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*Forbidden Fruit.*

*Eve*, as we're told, in secret hidden,  
 Lov'd apples, 'cause they were forbidden;  
 While *Charlotte*, pouting as they tease her,  
 Declares an *Orange* ne'er will please her:  
 The reason is—upon my honor,  
 They tried to *force the Orange on her.*

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*The Civil List.*

While of Park-Puppet-Shows and Rockets,  
 Poor *Nich'las Van\** doth drawl and drive!,  
*John Bull*, who feels him in his pockets,  
 Swears that such doings ar'nt quite *Civil!*

\* The Ch——r of the Ex——r probably.



ROYAL HAND BILL.

**By express Command of the Prince Regent.**

This day will be presented, in the Royal Parks,

Being the first time these 66 years,

For the entertainment of all the metropolitan masters and misses, their superannuated maiden aunts and bachelor uncles, and a long train of nursery attendants,

*A Grand and Superb Display of PYROTECHNICS;*

Consisting of a large exhibition of puerile Squibs, Crackers, Blue Candles, Sky Rockets, &c.

Upon a plan entirely unique, and of incredible magnitude, surpassing every thing of the kind yet attempted,

In the immediate presence, and under the direction of the above august Personage,

And a numerous body of able assistants.

The architectural designs will be upon the most magnificent scale, suited to the importance of the event, and calculated to excite wonder and astonish the natives.

Care has also been taken in the erection of numerous Refectories, which will be amply supplied with curds and whey, bow-wow pies, Banbury cakes, &c.

The whole to be preceded by a splendid Naval Spectacle, expressly got up for the brilliant event, entitled,

**NAUMACHY,**

**Or a mock Aquatic Fight, on the River Serpentine,**

For the amusement and instruction of the family of the **BULLS**; in which the whole art and mystery of manœuvring a fleet, forming the line, bringing-to, grappling, boarding, and all the arcana relative to nautical engagements will be scientifically displayed,

In *right-earnest* ships and boats, with *bona-fide* men and gunpowder, and on *real* water;

Peculiarly calculated to surprize those ladies and gentlemen whose fondness for nautical affairs may be truly estimated by their frequent voyages to Chelsea and Battersea.

The whole of this department to be under the command and superintendence of that *old* veteran in seamanship,

**SIR BILLY BISCUIT, BART.**

The justly celebrated Walcheren Admiral,

Whose consummate skill and superior knowledge in naval *tictacks*, render him admirably qualified for so important an undertaking.

N. B. In the course of the exhibition several Vocal Performers of the first eminence will be grouped in various parts, and sing many appropriate and loyal songs.

*Vivant Rex et Regina.*

## THE HYPERCRITIC.

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### THE BRITISH CRITIC.

THE old series of the British Critic was distinguished, at the outset of its career, by the bigotry of its religious and political opinions, the general dullness of its miscellaneous criticism, and the occasional splendor and profundity of its articles on Grecian and Roman literature. It was edited with care, but not with talent; and its Monthly Catalogue, if seldom remarkable for brilliance of remark, or elegance of language, seldom exhibited, on topics unconnected with politics or theology, wantonness of ridicule, or vehemence of animadversion. Unfortunately for the reputation of the editors, and for the pecuniary interests of the publishers, it has exhibited for the last five years only the negative qualities which characterized its early numbers. Its classical contributors, no longer animated by the barren ambition of unearned praise, either refrained from contributing to its pages, or were content to exercise their talents in frivolous and cursory remarks. In proportion to the decline of Jacobinism, the zeal of its opponents was abated: to the alarm and irritation of the aristocratic and orthodox readers of publications, succeeded the security and indifference of success; and when the readers of the British Critic were no longer attracted by the vehemence of its animadversions on political and religious free thinking, the ardor of the editors subsided, and gave place to the dull quiescence of scholastic drudgery. For a few years, therefore, its circulation was confined to the libraries of lethargic divines and collegiate literatuli; till at length its utter destitution of learning, wit, or eloquence, combined with the gross and offensive negligence and injustice with which it was conducted, many articles being reviewed two or three times, and receiving opposite and inconsistent characters, disgusted even the most fastidious of its readers, and rendered expedient the establishment of a new series.

If the present volume display neither extent of research or profundity of remark, it must be admitted that in fluency and animation of language, in selection of subject, and in the discussion of general topics, it is much more convincing and amusing than any successive numbers of the old series. Yet the articles taken collectively indicate the possession of talent, rather than exhibit its full developement. They display no minuteness of research, or profundity of argument, but are too fluent to be dull, and too ingenious to be utterly despised. We should suspect every number of the review was written by some one person of respectable talents, and varied attainments, whose necessary distraction of mind amidst subjects so multifarious, precluded that intensity of application, which, instead of being devoted to one object, is dissipated among many. The criticisms on general subjects are evidently written *currente calamo*; and if an occasional article be inserted, displaying laborious research and original investigation, it only tends more strongly by the face of contrast, to mark the absence of these qualities in the essays by which it is accompanied.

Our attention has been attracted to the sixth number of the first volume of the new series by a review of three rival works on the law of libel, which strikingly displays the artifices and misrepresentations to which the enemies of rational freedom are prone to have recourse, in their opposition to every argument which may counteract the progress of intolerance. While they display the utmost partiality in their comparison between the three works, and eulogize the production of Mr. Holt, in terms of unmeasured praise, because he has espoused the orthodox side of the question, they pass over with only a casual mention the most important arguments in favor of the liberty of the press, and against the law of libel. The abuses in the administration of justice, so notorious in our courts of law, are studiously excluded from the argument; and the question of officio informations is discussed as if the people might always be happy to confide, as the security from the infliction of unjust se-



verity, in the wisdom and humanity of the crown lawyers. "To those laws," says the reviewer, "and to the authorities by them constituted, he is responsible for the integrity of his publication; and if it be of mischievous tendency, by them he is punished. His liberty therefore consists in this: first, that his authority is lodged with those who are likely to use it impartially, and, secondly, that it is called into action on proper occasions only. As to the first point, with whom can such authority be more properly lodged than with a jury of twelve men indifferently chosen? In cases of life and death no objection is made to such a tribunal."—The reviewer has forgotten that in cases of life and death the crown itself is seldom an actual party; that in cases of theft or murder there is seldom reason to fear the exertion of ministerial influence, and that in such cases even a corrupt jury might be expected to pronounce a conscientious verdict. But the question of libel is, in the majority of cases, and of its very nature, a question between power and freedom, between the court and the people, between the attorney-general and an obnoxious individual. That mode of procedure, therefore, which may be impartial between man and man changes its character in a proceeding directly instituted by authority against individual guilt or innocence. Now it is too well known to be disputed that the majority of special jurors, who usually sit on a question of libel, are in some manner or other dependant on the court and the ministry; that if they have not obtained some profitable contracts, nor be possessed of advantageous situations in public offices, as was the case with the majority of those who brought in their verdict against Hunt, they are removable at pleasure from their office of jurymen, which they have usually purchased, and on which they depend for subsistence as much as the soldier on his pay, or the clergyman on his benefice. Again: "It is to no purpose to urge the certainty of such a tribunal, or to adduce an instance in which one acquitted the original

publisher of a libel for which another jury found the republisher guilty ; unless those who make use of this argument will engage to frame a law that shall comprehend every possible case of libel or slander, and draw the lines strictly between that which shall be punished and that which shall not." Now it is the very uncertainty of the nature of libel, and the probability that the doubts and uncertainties of the jury will usually be decided in favor of the prosecuting power, that renders it so dangerous to the liberties, and so injurious to the interests of the people. If the bias in cases of considerable difficulty were always in favor of the defendant, the uncertainty of the nature of libel and slander would rather be a source of congratulation than of complaint. The selection of special juries renders it a matter of probability in every trial of this kind, that where the question of guilt or innocence is nicely balanced, the equipoise will at last be found on the side of government ; more especially if the influence of the judge be added to the dependent feelings of the jury, and their doubts be relieved by an intelligible and animated oration. Who can doubt that the speech of Lord Ellenborough on the trial of the Hunts, produced by its eloquence a considerable influence over the verdict ; and if eloquence be permitted on the Bench, what limit shall be put to its exertions ?

It is not sufficient for the purpose of the reviewer to assert that because the judge is independent of the king, as far as respects his pecuniary resources, he is equally independent on matters of opinion : An involuntary bias towards the side of power ; an instinctive defence of whatever conduces to the exaltation and supremacy of the higher orders of the nation ; a sensitive abhorrence of all that tends to resist authority, or dispute the infallibility of the legislative power, on judicial decisions, becomes insensibly the object to the majority of the bench of alarm and reprobation. It is too well known to be disputed that the most celebrated lawyers who have filled the highest offices of the law for the last fifty years

have been vehement and sometimes illegal defenders of every arbitrary act; partial interpreters of the equivocal expressions of the law; decidedly hostile to every appearance of freedom in opinion; vehement in their harangues to juries; the enthusiastic counsellors of the prosecutor, whenever the offence appeared to involve the most trivial circumstance of disrespect to the higher powers; and the outrageous but frequently impotent rebukers of every appearance of firmness or intrepidity on the part of the defendant's counsel. To admit, therefore, even supposing a *common* jury instead of a special jury to be chosen, that the judge should express his opinion fully and decidedly on the merits of the case, under circumstances in which it is impossible that he should be free from bias, and upon a crime of which the nature is so little understood that the jury are unable to detect the fallacies which may be included in his reasoning, is to create a superintending advocate who revises the proceedings of the courts, and decides the verdict in a final speech which is always inimical to the liberty of the press. It is easy to ascertain what is theft and what is murder; but who shall determine what is libel? Of theft and murder, as they do not interfere with the prerogatives, the wishes or the convenience of the government, it is probable that no influence will be exerted, or unwarily indulged to the just determination of the verdict; but in a case of libel who can compute the extent to which innocence is sacrificed in favor of the existing powers.

The British Critic dwells with great complacency on the opportunities afforded to the defendant of producing affidavits. Certainly if the defendant will consent to sacrifice all the rights of manhood, and all the obligations of conscience, to the declaration of repentance which he does not feel; and to the supplication of forgiveness, which he ought not to have been placed in a condition to claim, he may entertain some hope that his affidavits will not be entirely disregarded; but if he endeavours to prove that his statements are correct, that he has been



deeply injured, and has spoken in the spirit of just resentment, he can only expect the reproaches of the judge and the aggravation of his punishment. Of what utility is the subsequent opportunity of defence, if all that has been rejected in the course of a regular trial be equally inadmissible in the subsequent affidavits? The very object of these affidavits is to afford the defendant an opportunity of advancing statements that could not have been received on the trial consistently with the rules of court. Look at the case of Peter Finnerty (not that we adduce it from any admiration of that man's character,) and observe the manner in which his affidavits were received.

The fallacy of supposing that the proceedings of the judges are always free from the influence of passion, interest, and prejudice, pervades every part of the reviewer's reasoning. He asserts that "by giving the discretionary power to the court, which is a fixed and permanent body, the legislature has rendered the punishment constant and defined, and every man knows what risk he is incurring when he publishes a libel." For a refutation of an assertion so bold and groundless, we need only appeal to the sentences which have been passed on various individuals convicted of libel, within the last six years. The enemies of government have sustained the most intolerable hardships, and have been condemned to confinement, poverty, and privation; while the libellers in the cause of the minister themselves, or of their party, have been visited with a trivial and almost nominal punishment. Compare the sentences of Cobbet, Agg, Hunt, and Finnerty, with those of Eugenius Roche, and George Manners, and then decide on the assertion that "every man knows what risk he incurs when he publishes a libel."

The reviewer endeavours to convince his readers that "the satirists of the reigns of Charles, Anne, and George the first, dealt only in general invective against misrule and corruption." Is Absolam and Achitophel then a

series of general invective? Is Macflecknoe distinguished solely by indiscriminate and unapplicable abuse? Is Pope's delineation of Atossa intended to apply to the female world at large; and are Sporus and Sappho fictitious characters? Had the law officers of the crown during the two last centuries displayed the same inquisitorial spirit, which is recommended and justified by the British Critic, Dryden would have lingered during the greater part of his life in prison, and Pope would have been sentenced to the pillory. The female against whom the bard of Twickenham warns his readers

“ From furious Sappho scarce, a milder fate,  
— by her love, or libelled by her hate ;

would have triumphed inflicting the pains and penalties attaching to his retort; and the exquisite delineation of the character of Rochester, would have entailed upon himself by his exquisite portraiture of the “chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon,” many years of unpitied solitude, and unalleviated distress. Churchill would have expiated his offences by a fine equivalent to perpetual imprisonment; and Johnson have passed a miserable life, unknown to the world, and useless to society, because in the early part of his literary career, he betrayed at once his inexperience and his indiscretion by the composition of *Marmor Norfolciense*.

The influence of the French revolution on the minds of men, so far from conducing to the stability of the reviewer's arguments, demonstrates the advantages of free discussion in a country subject to the government of a limited monarchy, and has taught us by experience that the stability of a government cannot be overturned by unmeaning calumny, and that satire and reprehension are only successful in proportion to their justice. He will scarcely assert that the liberty of remark and of declamation should only be permitted to one side; or that if the government be corrupt, arbitrary, and unconstitutional, it should not be subjected to the animadversion of the people. The philosophers and satirists of France might

have continued to reason, to declaim, without exciting the disaffection of the populace, or the enthusiastic emotions of the enquiring and educated classes, had not their satire been enforced, their tenets elucidated, and their sophistries embellished by the habits and practices of the court, and the universal diffusion of that spirit of immorality and licentiousness which originated in the court of Lewis the 14th, and diffused its poison through every class of society and every succeeding generation. So long as our court and our nobles abstain from the same vices, and carefully observe the duties of religion and morality, and domestic love, so long they may bid secure and triumphant defiance to the calumnies of the libeller.

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*Miscellanea.*

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*Protest of the Swans in St. James's Park,*

Since every Swan is deem'd a poet,  
And when he's dying sings to shew it,  
Thus, in our hour of peril, we  
PROTEST AGAINST THE JUBILEE.

Firstly, because this preparation  
Destroys the quiet of the nation,  
And all the noise of nails and hammers  
Is echoed back by public clamours.

And secondly, another race  
Of *Blacklegs* will usurp our place,  
Who, with the crackers, squibs, and rockets,  
Will help to empty people's pockets.

Thirdly, because the mode of treating  
Is copied from our stile of eating,  
Since we are not allow'd to swill,  
Nor eat, without a *long black bill*,

Lastly, we deem this Chinese bridge  
A shameful breach of privilege,  
And we would sooner seek the grave  
Than wave our right, the right of wave.

(Signed)

THE SWANS.



There is more liberality in the following whimsical notice, which is posted up in a *turnip field*, near Stafford, than is usually to be found in such cautions—

“ Take one, take two.—Take three  
“ And I’ll take thee.”

On a certain *Fashionable Conversatione*, recently instituted in *D—n street, Soho*.

While *Dames of Fashion* crowd to view  
The *Raree Show* of sage *Carpue*,  
The learn’d professor they perplex  
With questions ’bout its *age* and *sex* ;  
But what most puzzles querists fair,  
Is—“ *how the deuce it could get there?*”

*Vindication of the Title of “Jessamy Hunt’s Feast of the Poets.”*

While toiling to get through this six-shilling stuff,  
The critics all cry out—enough, sir, enough !  
And even the critics must own that, at least  
In such case, “ *ENOUGH is as good as a FEAST !*”

*Caution copied from a Board stuck up near the Serpentine River.*

No Ladies are suffered to windward to be,  
Lest their robes should the breeze intercept from the sea,  
And the fleet be becalm’d, in a petticoat’s lee !

(Signed)

G. P. R.

Counter-signed by the Secretary to the Admiralty.

*The Soliloquy of a Sailor with one eye, one arm, and one leg, as he limped through St James’s Park.*

Blind as I am, methinks a camp I view—  
Many the tents, but faith, the contents few.  
Who pays the piper?—who d’ye think?—*John Bull*,  
While for his wife and babes he wants a belly full.  
For this I lost an eye, an arm, a leg,  
For this poor Nan too is comeplled to beg;  
Illumination!—O the shame and scandal,  
God’s light they grudge, and tax my farthing candle.

ALL MY EYE.

*Copy of a Letter addressed to Sir Pigmy Lilliput, Secretary to the Admiralty, by Capt. George Fribble, Purveyor of Park Puerilities, and Commodore of the Canvas Cockboats in the Serpentine.*

H. M. S. Prince Regent, off the Boathouse,  
July, 1814.

"SIR,

"It is my painful duty to communicate to you the particulars of a signal and complete overthrow, sustained by the fleet under my command, in two desperate attacks made upon the enemy's squadron, which was led in a gallant style by the *Princess*, foreign built ship of war.

"After running before the wind in the commencement of my cruize, without chart or compass, I found myself in shoal water—(although my draught of it is remarkably small),—and to avoid the breakers, I was compelled to throw all my metal overboard, notwithstanding which, I still continued to drift towards the shore, without being able to raise the wind, so as to haul off into smooth water. In this emergency, I hoisted *false colours*, made signals of distress, and, the *Princess* heaving in sight, I gave her a *salute*, which she returned, when the *Union* flag was displayed, we were *lashed together*, and, by her assistance, I was towed to a safe anchorage. So soon, however, as I had gained my point, I struck the *Union*, *cut and run*, *cleared ship*, and immediately prepared for action.

"I need not inform you, Sir, that my vessel, though by no means old, is very crazy from the hard service she has seen, the *courses* she has kept, and the effect of *grape* shot to which she has been perpetually exposed. She has an unwieldy hull, with a broad stern, but very *poor head*; is slow in answering the helm, and requires a good deal of ballast to give her any degree of steadiness.

"The fleet being drawn up in line of battle, I ordered the *Spite*, an old Royal fire-ship, the *Teizer* and *Growler* gun-brigs, supported by the *Lynx*, *Fox*, *Spit-fire*, *Footman*, and *Liar doggers*, to advance to the attack of the *Princess*; while I used every device for blowing her up by means of torpedos, catamarans, stinkpots, and other secret engines, of destruction;—but, for reasons of which I only am the judge, I avoided every opportunity of boarding or coming to close quarters.

"The enemy, notwithstanding the severity of the attack, was so well supported by the *Royal Sovereign*, that she re-

pulsed every effort made by the fleet under my *command*, without sustaining the smallest damage herself. My own ship, I am sorry to say, was considerably injured by the explosion of the torpedos and other contrivances.—I therefore hauled off, and ordered the whole squadron to lay to, for the purpose of refitting for a fresh attack.

“The *Royal Sovereign*, after having rendered the country the greatest services, was, from a damage received in its *head works*, obliged to be carried into dock, where this gallant old ship was at last to be laid up in ordinary. Availing myself of this advantage, I again ordered the fleet to advance in the same order as before—directing that no quarter should be given.—Observing, however, that the enemy had sent forward a cutter to take soundings, with a *Broom*, the signal of defiance, at the mast-head, I felt the necessity of being wary in employing the secret engines,—relying on being enabled by my station, superior weight and power, to *run her down* at once. On advancing for this purpose, I found that the place of the *Royal Sovereign* had been supplied by the *John Bull*, a formidable looking three-decker, which, whenever I approached, emitted so terrible a *hissing* sound, that I apprehended combustibles were at the bottom, and instantly sheered off for fear of an explosion.—In this dilemma I took a position for *raking*,—a manœuvre to which I have all my life been devoted, but had the mortification to find that none of my shot would reach the enemy, while she hulled me most alarmingly at every broadside.—From the number of *spars* between us, I fear I must have suffered considerably, and, although no lives were lost, I am sensible that, in point of character, I have sustained a most irretrievable injury.

“Of my officers I can only speak in terms of commendation; all seemed anxious to carry my wishes into effect; they evinced considerable address in *trimming*, and when got into *shallow* and *dirty* water, and it became necessary to take soundings, they were all eager to *let themselves down* for the purpose. The ship was abundantly found, especially in *blocks*, and I can only attribute my want of success to my going, in every instance, upon the *wrong tack*.

“I am Sir,

“Your most doleful

“And defeated servant,

“GEORGE FRIBBLE.



*New Alphabet for 1814.*

- A*—Stands for August, the month for the shews,  
*B*—For the Bridge built to frighten the crows;  
*C*—For the Colonel, with genius so rare,  
*D*—For the day when he makes us all stare;  
*E*—For the English who see this fine sight,  
*F*—For the fire-works let off at night;  
*G*—For the grandeur those works will display,  
*H*—For the hundreds we for them must pay;  
*J*—For John Bull, just as blythe as a lark,  
*K*—For the kick-shaws built up in the Park;  
*L*—For the long-boats our gala to crown.  
*M*—For the men who conveyed them to town;  
*N*—For the noise which seems never to stop,  
*O*—For the oil-skin o'er each Temple top;  
*P*—For the powder that's used by the fleet,  
*Q*—For the queer ones that planned such a treat;  
*R*—For the Regent of all this the giver,  
*S*—For the ships in the Serpentine River;  
*T*—For the temples of all town the talk,  
*V*—For the vessels afloat in the Park;  
*W*—For the winds; and, Oh! may they prove fair,  
*X*—For the crosses these vessels must bear;  
*Y*—For the youngsters this sight keeps from school,  
*Z*—For the zeal with which we play the fool.

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*An Epigram on a Diagram of Euclid, called "Pons Asininus."*

I overheard a silly Cambridge clerk  
 Thus mutter, as he paced St. James'-park:  
 What's this? A Bridge? How hard got over!  
 O, 'tis the Ass's BRIDGE, I now discover.

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*One of the Ships of the Serpentine hauled on shore by accident.*

A simple Angler throwing flies for trout,  
 Hooked the main mast, and lugged a first-rate out.

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*The Green Park*—A sentinel on duty there being asked what he was placed there to do, replied, "he was put there to keep the cows from eating the fire works."

*The Royal Example.*

A plain country hob, rather crusty one day,  
 To Susan his consort, did jokingly say,  
 If you do not mind I shall put you away ;  
 And do it from royal example.

Now Susan was touch'd, and quick made a reply ;  
 " Then I'm sure you've another somewhere in your eye,  
 Who is better belov'd and esteemed than I,

If you're going by royal example.  
 In my eye ? said the rustic, you mean in my mind,  
 But I'm sure I've no serious thought of the kind ;  
 'Twas nothing but joke as you will soon find,  
 Though you know it's a royal example.

Such royal examples, quoth Sue, with disgust,  
 Are certainly nothing but licentious lust !  
 And were you to do so, repent it you must,  
 Though you follow a royal example.

Be silent, my honey, I'll ne'er divorce you,  
 To live with another, it never will do,  
 While you're in existence ; believe me it's true,  
 Although it's a royal example !

And if I'm allow'd to comment on the thing,  
 I think it's disgrace to peasant or king ;  
 For nothing but evil from it can e'er spring,  
 So I'll scorn such a royal example ;

There is a commandment in scripture we read  
 Which adult'ry forbids, which the great seldom heed ;  
 So perhaps many others commit the foul deed,  
 Because it's a royal example.

I wish from this evil the great would refrain,  
 That the progress may stop, of that wide-spreading bane ;  
 And from their black character wipe off the stain,  
 And set us some better examples.

For were but the great, who are well educated,  
 To shew a good life to th' uncultivated ;  
 They'd all be beloved — not hissed and hated,  
 And copy such better examples.

But such, I'm afraid, are too old for to mend,  
 To counsel, though good, they will never attend ;  
 And only with life will their sins have an end,  
 And this is an awful example.

## *Theatrical Review.*

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*Covent Garden.*—This theatre closed on *Friday* the 15th, after a season, in which the liberal and unsparing exertions of the managers had received, we trust, a correspondent liberality of support on the part of the public. The continued indisposition of Mr. Kemble prevented him from re-appearing, but Mr. Young's elaborate study in some measure supplied the deficiency. The house, we understand, is to undergo various decorative repairs, but we hope no attempt will be made to alter the elegant simplicity of its ornaments, which has excited the uniform admiration of all whose taste is too refined to delight in mere splendour of obtrusive glare.

*Drury Lane.*—Though the attractions of Mr. Kean had considerably decreased within the last two months, and the vague applause of uninformed curiosity began to subside into the sober examination of critical and calm enquiry, yet, as he still continued to draw better houses than could be obtained by any other species of entertainment, the managers very wisely played him to the last. The theatre closed on *Saturday* the 16th, and Mr. Kean played for the last time this season on the 15th. He has gone to Dublin, where, no doubt, he will be eulogized with the characteristic extravagance of the country, for we remember the Irish papers elevated Conway into a Roscius, though now, on the London boards, he has found a level very different. An attentive observation of Mr. Kean's whole series of characters, since he has been at this theatre, has confirmed in the opinion we originally formed, that not only is he a limited actor, with respect to the parts he can assume, but even in those where he is avowedly best, he is inferior to some of his predecessors. To this opinion, if we mistake not, the public mind is rapidly returning from some significant facts, which have come to our knowledge. Of *Drury Lane* theatre, however, he has been the pecuniary saviour; and so singly indeed, has he supported the whole machine, that scarcely any other subject for remark was obtruded upon the public from the moment of his first appearance.

*Haymarket Theatre.*—After much litigation, many squabbles, and various hearings, the affairs of this theatre have been so far adjusted as to permit of its being opened this season. No